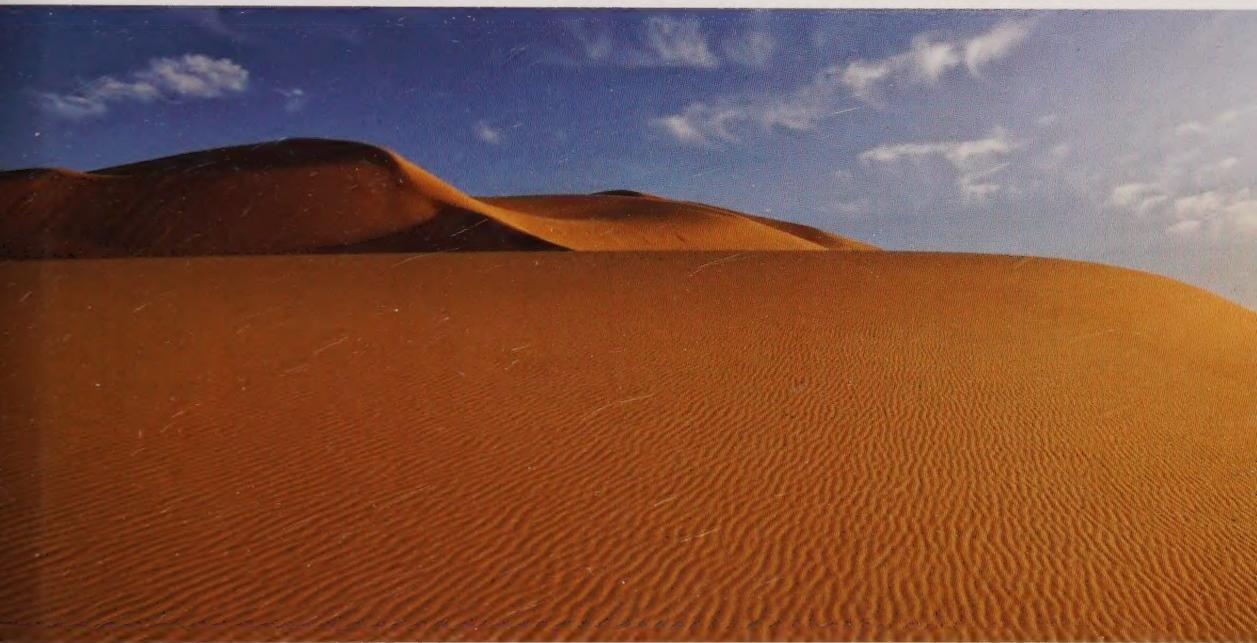


Complete  
Poems; Edited  
With Memorial-  
Introd. and  
Notes by  
Alexander B.  
Grosart



Robert Herrick,  
Alexander Balloch  
Grosart





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Complete Poems; Edited With  
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Alexander B. Grosart

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Grosart



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**Early English Poets.**

**ROBERT HERRICK.**



Early English Poets.

THE  
COMPLETE POEMS  
OF  
ROBERT HERRICK.

EDITED,  
WITH  
*Memorial-Introduction and Notes,*  
BY THE  
REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART.



*IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. III.*

London:  
CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY.  
1876.

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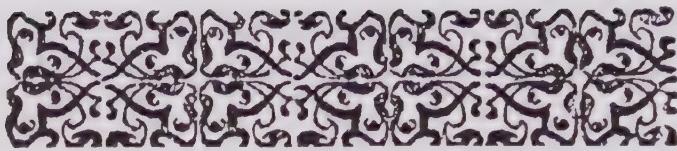
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## HESPERIDES.

*The shoure of Blossomes.*



OVE in a shoure of Blossomes came  
Down, and halfe drown'd me with the same  
The Blooms that fell were white and red ;  
But with such sweets comminglèd,  
As whether (this) I cannot tell  
My sight was pleas'd more, or my smell :  
But true it was, as I rowl'd there,  
Without a thought of hurt, or feare ;  
Love turn'd himselfe into a Bee,  
And with his Javelin wounded me :  
From which mishap this use I make,  
*Where most sweets are, there lyes a Snake:*  
*Kisses and Favours are sweet things ;*  
*But Those have thorns, and These have stings.*

*Upon Spenke.*

S PENKE has a strong breath, yet short Prayers  
saith :  
Not out-of want of breath, but want of faith.

*A Defence for Women.*

**N**AUGHT are all Women : I say no,  
 Since for one Bad, one Good I know :  
 For *Clytemnestra* most unkind,  
 Loving *Alcestis* there we find :  
 For one *Medea* that was bad,  
 A good *Penelope* was had :  
 For wanton *Lais*, then we have  
 Chaste *Lucrece*, or a wife as grave :  
 And thus through Woman-kind we see  
 A Good and Bad. *Sirs credit me.*

*Upon Lulls.*

**L**ULLS swears he is all heart ; but you'l suppose  
 By his *Proboscis* that he is all nose.

*Slavery.*

**T**HIS liberty to serve one Lord ; but he  
 Who many serves, serves base servility.<sup>1</sup>

*Charmes.*

**B**RING the holy crust of Bread,  
 Lay it underneath the head ;

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the Page's argument that servants are less servants than their masters, in Massinger's *Unnatural Combat*: Act iii. sc. 2.

'Tis a certain Charm to keep  
Hags away, while Children sleep.

*Another.*

LET the superstitious wife  
    Neer the child's heart lay a knife :  
Point be up, and Haft be downe ;  
(While she gossips in the towne)  
This 'mongst other mystick charms  
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.<sup>2</sup>

*Another to bring in the Witch.*

TO house<sup>3</sup> the Hag, you must doe this ;  
    Commix with Meale a little Pisse  
Of him bewitcht : then forthwith make  
A little Wafer or a Cake :  
And this rawly bak't will bring  
The old Hag in. No surer thing.

*Another Charme for Stables.<sup>4</sup>*

HANG up Hooks, and Sheers to scare  
    Hence the Hag, that rides the Mare,

<sup>2</sup> Folk-lore.                  <sup>3</sup> Curious use of 'house'—to bring into your house. See last line.

<sup>4</sup> Folk-lore.

Till they be all over wet,  
 With the mire, and the sweat :  
 This observ'd, the Manes shall be  
 Of your horses, all knot-free.

*Ceremonies for Candlemasse Eve.<sup>5</sup>*

DOWN with the Rosemary and Bayes,  
 Down with the Mistletoe ;  
 Instead of Holly, now up-raise  
 The greener Box<sup>6</sup> (for show.)

The Holly hitherto did sway ;  
 Let Box now domineere ;  
 Untill the dancing Easter-day,  
 Or Easters Eve appeare.

<sup>5</sup> In former times, foliage and flowers were much more frequently employed in the internal decoration of houses than at present; and different kinds were allotted to different seasons. The bay, holly, and mistletoe, at Christmas, are not yet exploded. Strutt, in his *Manners and Customs of the English*, informs us, from Hollingshed, that our ancestors used to strew their houses with rushes, which were carefully spread over the floors, till carpets came in fashion; and it is still a practice to cover the ground with rushes in many churches, at Whitsuntide. N. The last custom has been finely celebrated by Wordsworth. See Notes and Queries, December 25th, 1875. The date is 1st February, or Eve of Purification of V. Mary.

<sup>6</sup> Boxwood plant.

Then youthfull Box which now hath grace,  
 Your houses to renew ;  
 Grown old, surrender must his place,  
 Unto the crispèd Yew.

When Yew is out, then Birch comes in,  
 And many Flowers beside ;  
 Both of a fresh, and fragrant kinne  
 To honour Whitsontide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,<sup>7</sup>  
 With cooler Oken boughs ;  
 Come in for comely ornaments,  
 To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift ; each thing his turne do's hold ;  
*New things succeed, as former things grow old.*

*The Ceremonies for Candlemasse day.<sup>8</sup>*

KINDLE the Christmas Brand <sup>9</sup> and then  
 Till Sunne-set, let it burne ;  
 Which quencht, then lay it up agen,  
 Till Christmas next returne.

<sup>7</sup> =long coarse moor growing grass.

<sup>8</sup> These two stanzas are curious, inasmuch as they record an old superstitious ceremony, which I do not recollect to have before met with. N.

<sup>9</sup> — Log.

Part must be kept wherewith to teend<sup>1</sup>  
 The Christmas Log next yeare ;  
 And where 'tis safely kept, the Fiend,  
 Can do no mischiefe (there.)

*Upon Candlemasse day.*

END now the White-loafe, & the Pye,  
 And let all sports with Christmas dye.

*Surfeits.*

BAD are all surfeits : but Physitians call  
 That surfeit tooke by bread, the worst of all.

*Upon Nis.*

NIS, he makes Verses ; but the Lines he writes,  
 Serve but for matter to make Paper-kites.

*To Biancha, to blesse him.*

WO'D I wooe, and wo'd I winne,  
 Wo'd I well my worke begin ?  
 Wo'd I evermore be crown'd  
 With the end that I propound ?  
 Wo'd I frustrate, or prevent  
 All Aspects malevolent ?

<sup>1</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

Thwart all Wizzards, and with these  
 Dead all black contingencies :  
 Place my words, and all works else  
 In most happy Parallels ?  
 All will prosper, if so be  
 I be kist, or blest by thee.

*Julia's Churching, or Purification.*

PUT on thy *Holy Fillitings*, and so  
 To th' Temple with the sober *Midwife* go.  
 Attended thus (in a most solemn wise)  
 By those who serve the Child-bed mysteries.  
 Burn first thine incense ; next, whenas thou see'st  
 The candid <sup>2</sup> Stole thrown ore the *Pious Priest* ;  
 With reverend Curtsies come, and to him bring  
 Thy free (and not decurted <sup>3</sup>) offering.  
 All Rites well ended, with faire Auspice<sup>4</sup> come  
 (As to the breaking of a Bride-Cake) home :  
 Where ceremonious *Hymen* shall for thee  
 Provide a second *Epithalamie*.  
*She who keeps chastly to her husbands side*  
*Is not for one, but every night his Bride :*  
*And stealing still with love, and feare to Bed,*  
*Brings him not one, but many a Maiden-head.*

<sup>2</sup> = white. <sup>3</sup> = shortened : used now only in 'curt' and 'curtly.'

<sup>4</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

*To his Book.*

BEFORE the Press scarce one co'd see  
 A little-peeping-part of thee :  
 But since th' art Printed, thou dost call  
 To shew thy nakedness to all.  
 My care for thee is now the less,  
 (Having resign'd thy shamefac'tness :)  
 Go with thy Faults and Fates ; yet stay  
 And take this sentence, then away ;  
 Whom one belov'd will not suffice,  
 She'l runne to all adulteries.

*Teares.*

TEARES most prevaile ; with teares too thou  
 mayst move  
 Rocks to relent, and coyest maids to love.

*To his friend to avoid contention of words.*

WORDS beget Anger ; Anger brings forth blowes :  
 Blowes make of dearest friends immortall Foes.  
 For which prevention (Sociate<sup>5</sup>) let there be  
 Betwixt us two no more *Logomachie*.<sup>6</sup>  
 Farre better 'twere for either to be mute,  
 Then for to murder friendship, by dispute. [than

<sup>5</sup> = companion, friend.<sup>6</sup> = war of words.

*Truth.*

**T**RUTH is best found out by the time, and eyes ;  
*Falsehood winnes credit by uncertainties.*

*Upon Prickles. Epig.*

**P**RICKLES is waspish, and puts forth his sting,  
For Bread, Drinke, Butter, Cheese ; for every  
thing

That *Prickles* buyes, puts *Prickles* out of frame ;  
How well his nature's fitted to his name !

*The Eyes before the Eares.*

**W**E credit most our sight ; one eye doth please  
Our trust farre more then ten eare-witnesses.

[than]

*Want.*

**W**ANT is a softer Wax, that takes thereon,  
This, that, and every base impression.

*To a Friend.*

**L**OKE in my Book, and herein see,  
Life endlesse sign'd to thee and me.  
We o're the tombes, and Fates shall flye ;  
While other generations dye.

*Upon M. William Lawes, the rare Musitian.<sup>7</sup>*

SHO'D I not put on Blacks, when each one here  
 Comes with his Cypresse, and devotes a teare?  
 Sho'd I not grieve (my *Lawes*) when every Lute,  
 Violl, and Voice, is (by thy losse) struck mute?  
 Thy loss, brave man! whose Numbers have been  
 hurl'd,

And no less prais'd, then spread throughout the  
 world.

[*that*]

Some have Thee call'd *Amphion*; some of us,  
 Nam'd thee *Terpander*, or sweet *Orpheus*:  
 Some this, some that, but all in this agree,  
 Musique had both her birth and death with Thee.

*A Song upon Silvia.*

FROM me my *Silvia* ranne away,  
 And running therewithall,  
 A *Primrose* Banke did cross her way,  
 And gave my Love a fall.

But trust me now, I dare not say,  
 What I by chance did see;  
 But such the Drap'ry did betray  
 That fully ravisht me.

<sup>7</sup> See Memorial-Introduction.

*The Hony-combe.*

**I**F thou hast found an honie-combe,  
 Eat thou not all, but taste on some :  
 For if thou eat'st it to excess ;  
 That sweetness turnes to Loathsomness.  
 Taste it to Temper<sup>8</sup>; then 'twill be  
 Marrow, and Manna unto thee.

*Vpon Ben. Johnson.<sup>9</sup>*

**H**ERE lyes *Johnson* with the rest  
 Of the Poets ; but the Best.  
 Reader, wo'dst thou more have known ?  
 Aske his Story, not this Stone.  
 That will speake what this can't tell  
 Of his glory. *So farewell.*

*An Ode for him.*

**A**H Ben !  
 Say how, or when  
 Shall we thy Guests  
 Meet at those *Lyrick Feasts*,  
 Made at the *Sun*,  
 The *Dog*, the triple *Tunne* ?

<sup>8</sup> = temperance, moderation.    <sup>9</sup> On this and next see Memorial-Introduction.

Where we such clusters had,  
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ;  
 And yet each Verse of thine  
 Out-did the meate, out-did the frolick wine.

*My Ben !*  
 Or come agen :  
 Or send to us,  
 Thy wits great over-plus ;  
 But teach us yet  
 Wisely to husband it ;  
 Lest we that Tallent spend :  
 And having once brought to an end  
 That precious stock ; the store  
 Of such a wit the world shod have no more.

*Upon a Virgin.*

S PEND Harmless shade, thy nightly Houres,  
 Selecting here, both Herbs, and Flowers ;  
 Of which make Garlands here, and there,  
 To dress thy silent sepulchre.  
 Nor do thou feare the want of these,  
*In everlasting Properties.*  
 Since we fresh strewings will bring hither,  
 Farre faster then the first can wither.                           [than]

*Blame.*

**I**N Battailles what disasters fall,  
The King he beares the blame of all.

*A request to the Graces.*

**P**ONDER my words, if so that any be  
Known guilty here of incivility :  
Let what is graceless, discompos'd, and rude,  
With sweetness, smoothness, softness, be endu'd.  
Teach it to blush, to curtsie, lisp, and shew  
Demure, but yet, full of temptation too.  
*Numbers ne'r tickle, or but lightly please,*  
*Unlesse they have some wanton carriages.<sup>1</sup>*  
This if ye do, each Piece will here be good,  
And gracefull made, by your neate<sup>2</sup> Sisterhood.

*Upon himselfe.*

**I**LATELY fri'd,<sup>3</sup> but now behold  
I freeze as fast, and shake for cold.

<sup>1</sup> Thus the poet of Verona, in a similar strain :—

Nam castum esse decet pium poetam  
Ipsum : versiculos nihil necesse est :  
Qui tum denique habent salem ac leporem,  
Si sunt molliculi, ac parum pudici,  
Et quod pruriat, incitare possunt.

Catul. Carmen 16. N.

<sup>2</sup> = elegant.

<sup>3</sup> See Glossarial Index under 'frie.'

And in good faith I'd thought it strange  
 T'ave found in me this sudden change ;  
 But that I understood by dreames,  
 These only were but Loves extreames ;  
 Who fires with hope the Lovers heart,  
 And starves with cold the self-same part.

*Multitude.*

WE Trust not to the multitude in Warre,  
 But to the stout ; and thosc that skilfull are.

*Feare.*

MAN must do well out of a good intent ;  
 Not for the servile feare<sup>4</sup> of punishment.

*To M. Kellam.<sup>5</sup>*

WHAT! can my *Kellam* drink his Sack  
 In Goblets to the brim,  
 And see his *Robin Herrick* lack,  
 Yet send no Boules to him ?

<sup>4</sup> “Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore :

Tu nihil admittes in te formidine pœnae.”

Horace : Epist. i. xvi. 10, ll 52-3.

\* A parishioner, probably.

For love or pitie to his Muse,  
(That she may flow in Verse)  
Contemne to recommend a Cruse,  
But send to her a Tearce.<sup>6</sup>

*Happinesse to hospitalitie, or a hearty  
to good house-keeping.*

FIRST, may the hand of bounty bring  
Into the daily offering  
Of full provision ; such a store,  
Till that the Cooke cries, Bring no more.  
Upon your hogsheads never fall  
A drought of wine, ale, beere (at all ;)  
But, like full clouds, may they from thence  
Diffuse their mighty influence.  
Next, let the Lord, and Ladie here  
Enjoy a Christning yeare by yeare ;  
And this *good blessing* back them still,  
T'ave Boyes, and Gyrles too, as they will.  
Then from the porch may many a Bride  
Unto the Holy Temple ride :  
And thence return, (short prayers seyd)  
A wife most richly married.

<sup>6</sup> = cask, one-third of a pipe, 42 gallons.

Last, may the Bride and Bridegroome be  
 Untoucht by cold *sterility* ;  
 But in their springing blood so play,  
 As that in *Lusters* few they may,  
 By laughing too, and lying downe,  
 People a *City* or a *Towne*.

*Cunction<sup>7</sup> in Correction.*

THE *Lictors*<sup>8</sup> bundl'd up their rods : beside,  
 Knit them with knots (with much adoe unty'd)  
 That if (unknitting) men wo'd yet repent,  
 They might escape the lash of punishment.

*Present Government grievous.*

Men are suspicious ; prone to discontent :  
 Subjects still loath the present Government.<sup>9</sup>

*Rest Refreshes.*

LAY by the good a while ; a resting field  
 Will, after ease, a richer harvest yeild :  
 Trees this year beare ; next, they their wealth with-  
 hold :

*Continuall reaping makes a land wax old.*

<sup>7</sup> = delay.

<sup>8</sup> = lligatores ?

<sup>9</sup> So Hooker begins his " Ecclesiastical Polity."

*Revenge.*

MANS disposition is for to requite  
*An injurie, before a benefite :*  
Thanksgiving is a burden,<sup>1</sup> and a paine ;  
Revenge is pleasing to us, as our gaine.

*The first marrs or makes.*

IN all our high designments, 'twill appeare,  
*The first event breeds confidence or feare.*

*Beginning, difficult.*

HARD are the two first staires unto a Crowne ;  
Which got, the third, bids him a King come downe.

*Faith four-square.<sup>2</sup>*

FAITH is a thing that's four-square ; let it fall  
This way or that, it not declines at all.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the remarks by which Reynolds attracted the notice of Dr. Johnson : " You have the comfort of being released from a burden of gratitude." (Boswell sub. anno, 1752.)

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

*The present time best pleaseth.*

PRAISE they that will Times past, I joy to see  
My selfe now live : *this age best pleaseth mee.*

*Cloathes, are conspirators.*

THOUGH from without no foes at all we feare ;  
We shall be wounded by the cloathes we weare.

*Cruelty.*

TIS but a dog-like madnesse in bad Kings,  
For to delight in wounds and murderings.  
As some plants prosper best by cuts and blowes ;  
So Kings by killing doe encrease their foes.

*Faire after foule.*

TEARES quickly drie : griefes will in time decay :  
*A cleare, will come after a cloudy, day.*

*Hunger.*

ASKE me what hunger is, and Ile reply,  
'Tis but a fierce desire of hot and drie.

*Bad wages for good service.*

IN this misfortune Kings doe most excell,  
To heare the worst from men, when they doe well.

*The End.*

CONQUER we shall, but we must first contend ;  
*'Tis not the Fight that crowns us, but the end.*<sup>3</sup>

*The Bondman.*

BIND me but to thee with thine haire,  
And quickly I shall be  
Made by that fetter or that snare  
A bondman unto thee.

Or if thou tak'st that bond away,  
Then bore me through the eare ;  
And by the Law <sup>4</sup> I ought to stay  
For ever with thee here.

*Choose for the best.*

GIVE house-roome to the best ; *'Tis never known  
Vertue and pleasure, both to dwell in one.*

*To Silvia.*

PARDON my trespassse (Silvia,) I confesse,  
My kisse out-went the bounds of shamfastnesse :  
None is discreet at all times ; no, *not Jove*  
*Himselfe, at one time, can be wise and Love.*

<sup>3</sup> " *Finis coronat opus*" (a Proverb).

<sup>4</sup> See Exodus xxi. 6.

*Faire shewes deceive.*

SMOOTH was the Sea, and seem'd to call  
     To prettie girles to play withall :  
 Who padling there, the Sea soone frown'd,  
     And on a sudden both were drown'd.  
 What credit can we give to seas,  
     Who, kissing, kill such Saints as these ?

*His wish.*

AT be my Hinde ; unlearnèd be my wife ;  
     Peacefull my night ; my day devoid of strife :  
 To these a comely off-spring I desire,  
     Singing about my everlasting fire.

*Upon Julia's washing her self in the river.*

HOW fierce was I, when I did see  
     My *Julia* wash her self in thee !  
 So *Lillies* thorough Christall look :  
     So purest pebbles in the brook :  
 As in the River *Julia* did,  
     Halfe with a Lawne of water hid,  
 Into thy stremes my self I threw,  
     And strugling there, I kist thee too ;  
 And more had done (it is confess)  
     Had not thy waves forbad the rest.

*A Meane in our Meanes.*

**T**HOUGH Frankinsense the *Deities* require,  
*We must not give all to the hallowed fire.*  
 Such be our gifts, and such be our expence,  
 As for our selves to leave some frankinsence.<sup>5</sup>

*Upon Clunn.*

**A** ROWLE of Parchment *Clunn* about him beares,  
 Charg'd with the Armes of all his Ancestors :  
 And seems halfe ravisht, when he looks upon  
 That Bar, this *Bend*; that *Fess*, this *Cheveron* ;  
 This *Manch*, that *Moone* ; this *Martlet*, and that  
*Mound* ;  
 This counterchange of *Perle* and *Diamond*.<sup>6</sup>  
 What joy can *Clun* have in that Coat, or this,  
 Whenas his owne still out at elboes is ?

*Upon Cupid.<sup>7</sup>*

**L**OVE, like a Beggar, came to me  
 With Hose and Doublet torne :

<sup>5</sup> "Sure none need be more bountifull in giving then the Sunne is in shining, which though freely bestowing his beames on the world keeps notwithstanding the body of light to himself. Yea it is necessary that Liberality should as well have banks as a stream."

Fuller's *Holy and Profane State* (1648), p. 29.

<sup>6</sup> = mode of blazon sometimes used in case of Peers. The others are also heraldic terms.

<sup>7</sup> Our poet has before pourtrayed a fairy beggar. He now gives us

His Shirt bedangling from his knee,  
With Hat and Shooes out-worne.

He askt an almes ; I gave him bread,  
And meat too, for his need :  
Of which, when he had fully fed,  
He wished me all *Good speed.*

Away he went, but as he turn'd  
(In faith I know not how)  
He toucht me so, as that I burn,  
And am tormented now.

Love's silent flames, and fires obscure  
Then crept into my heart ;  
And though I saw no Bow, I'm sure,  
His finger was the dart.

*Vpon* Blisse.

BLISSE (last night drunk) did kisse his mothers  
knee :  
Where he will kisse (next drunk) conjecture ye.

*Vpon* Burr.

BURR is a smell-feast, and a man alone,  
That (where meat is) will be a hanger on.

Love in a mendicant form. The style of this little Anacreontic sketch  
will somewhat remind us of the third Ode of the sportive Teian. N.

*Vpon Megg.*

M<sup>E</sup>GG yesterday was troubled with a Pose,  
Which, this night hardned, sodders up her  
nose.<sup>8</sup>

*An Hymne to Love.*

1. I WILL confesse  
With Cheerfulness,  
Love is a thing so likes me,  
That let her lay  
On me all day,  
Ile kiss the hand that strikes me.

2. I will not, I  
Now blubb'ring, cry,  
It (Ah !) too late repents me,  
That I did fall  
To love at all,  
Since love so much contents me.

3. No, no, Ile be  
In fetters free :  
While others they sit wringing  
Their hands for paine ;  
Ile entertaine  
The wounds of love with singing.

<sup>8</sup> =rheum—a cold in the head.

4.        With Flowers and Wine,  
         And Cakes Divine,  
       To strike me I will tempt thee :  
             Which done ; no more  
         Ile come before  
       Thee and thine Altars emptie.

*To his honoured and most ingenious friend*  
*Mr. Charles Cotton.<sup>9</sup>*

FOR brave comportment, wit without offence,  
       Words fully flowing, yet of influence :  
       Thou art that man of men, the man alone,  
       Worthy the Publique Admiration :  
       Who with thine owne eyes read'st what we doe  
             write,  
       And giv'st our Numbers *Euphonie*, and weight.  
       Tel'st when a Verse springs high, how understood  
       To be, or not borne of the Royall-blood.  
       What State above, what *Symmetrie* below,  
       Lines have, or sho'd have, thou the best canst show.  
       For which (my *Charles*) it is my pride to be,  
       Not so much knowne, as to be lov'd of thee.  
       Long may I live so, and my wreath of *Bayes*,  
       Be lesse anothers *Laurell*, then thy praise.        [than

<sup>9</sup> The translator of Montaigne and associate of Isaak Walton.

## HESPERIDES.

---

### *Women uselesse.*

WHAT need we marry Women, when  
Without their use we may have men ?  
And such as will in short time be,  
For murder fit, or mutinie ;  
As *Cadmus* once a new way found,  
By throwing teeth into the ground ;<sup>10</sup>  
(From which poore seed, and rudely sown)  
Sprung up a War-like Nation.  
So let us Yron, Silver, Gold,  
Brasse, Leade, or Tinne, throw into th' mould ;  
And we shall see in little space  
Rise up of men, a fighting race.  
If this can be, say then, what need  
Have we of Women or their seed ?

### *Love is a sirrup.*

LOVE is a sirrup ; and who er'e we see  
Sick and surcharg'd with this sacietie :<sup>1</sup>  
Shall by this pleasing trespassse quickly prove,  
*Ther's loathsomnesse*<sup>2</sup> e'en in the sweets of love.

<sup>10</sup> Ovid, Metamorph.

<sup>1</sup> = satiety.

<sup>2</sup> " Medio de fonte leporum  
surgit amari aliquid." Lucretius.

*Leven.<sup>3</sup>*

**L**OVE is a Leven, and a loving kisse  
The Leven of a loving sweet-heart is.

*Repletion.*

**P**HYSITIANS say Repletion springs  
More from the sweet then sower things. [*than*

*On Himselfe.*

**W**EEPE for the dead, for they have lost this  
light :

And weepe for me, lost in an endlesse night.  
Or mourne, or make a Marble Verse for me,  
Who writ for many. *Benedicite.*

*No Man without Money.*

**N**O man such rare parts hath, that he can swim,  
If favour or occasion helpe not him.

*On Himselfe.*

**L**OST to the world ; lost to my selfe ; alone  
Here now I rest under this Marble stone :  
In depth of silence, heard, and seene of none.

<sup>3</sup> = leaven.

*To M. Leonard Willan<sup>4</sup> his  
peculiar friend.*

I WILL be short, and having quickly hurl'd  
This line about, live Thou throughout the world ;  
Who art a man for all Sceanes ;<sup>5</sup> unto whom  
(What's hard to others) nothing's troublesome.  
Can'st write the *Comick, Tragick* straine, and fall  
From these to penne the pleasing Pastorall :  
Who fli'st at all heights : Prose and Verse run'st  
through ;  
Find'st here a fault, and mend'st the trespassse too :  
For which I might extoll thee, but speake lesse,  
Because thy selfe art comming to the Presse :  
And then sho'd I in praising thee be slow,  
Posterity will pay thee what I owe.

*To his worthy Friend M. John Hall,  
Student of Grayes-Inne.<sup>6</sup>*

TELL me, young man, or did the Muses bring  
Thee lesse to taste, then to drink up their  
Spring ;  
That none hereafter sho'd be thought, or be  
A Poet, or a Poet-like but Thee ?

<sup>4</sup> Nothing seems to be known of this Willan in dramatic history.

<sup>5</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.      <sup>6</sup> See Memorial-Introduction.

What was thy Birth, thy starre that makes thee  
knowne,  
At twice ten yeares, a prime and publike one ?  
Tell us thy Nation, kindred, or the whence  
Thou had'st, and hast thy *mighty influence*,  
That makes thee lov'd, and of the men desir'd,  
And no lesse prais'd, then of the maides admir'd. [*than*  
Put on thy Laurell then ; and in that trimme  
Be thou *Apollo*, or the type of him :  
Or let the *Unshorne God* lend thee his Lyre,  
And next to him, be Master of the Quire.

*To Julia.*

OFFER thy gift ; but first the Law commands  
Thee, *Julia*, first, to *sanctifie* thy hands :  
Doe that, my *Julia* which the rites require,  
Then boldly give thine incense to the fire.

*To the most comely and proper*  
M. Elizabeth Finch.<sup>7</sup>

HANSOME you are, and Proper you will be  
Despight of all your infortunitie :<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Sir Moyle Finch, 1st Baronet of Eastwell, co. Kent, had a d. Elizabeth, who died young, but there were others of the name, so that it would be unsafe to identify this M. Elizabeth Finch.

<sup>8</sup> = ill fortune.

Live long and lovely, but yet grow no lesse  
 In that your owne prefixèd comelinesse :  
 Spend on that stock : and when your life must fall,  
 Leave others Beauty, to set up withall.

*Upon Ralph.*

R ALPH pares his nayles, his warts, his cornes,  
 and *Ralph*  
 In sev'rall tills and boxes, keepes 'em safe ;  
 Instead of Harts-horne (if he speakes the troth)  
 To make a lustie-gellie<sup>9</sup> for his broth.

*To his Booke.*

I F hap it must, that I must see thee lye  
*Absyrtus*-like,<sup>1</sup> all torne confusedly :  
 With solemne tears, and with much grief of heart.  
 Ile recollect thee (weeping) part by part ;  
 And having washt thee, close thee in a chest  
 With spice ; that done, Ile leave thee to thy rest.

<sup>9</sup> =jelly, condiment.

<sup>1</sup> *Absyrtus*, son of the king of Colchis, torn to pieces by Medea when she fled with Jason.

TO THE KING,  
*Upon his welcome to Hampton-Court.*  
*Set and Sung.*<sup>2</sup>

WELCOME, *Great Cesar*, welcome now you are,  
As dearest Peace, after destructive Warre :  
Welcome as slumbers ; or as beds of ease  
After our long, and peevish sicknesses.  
O *Pompe of Glory* ! Welcome now, and come  
To re-possess once more your long'd-for home.  
A thousand Altars smoake ; a thousand thighes  
Of Beeves here ready stand for Sacrifice.  
Enter and prosper ; while our eyes doe waite  
For an *Ascendent* throughly *Auspicate* :<sup>3</sup>  
Under which signe we may the former stone  
Lay of our safeties new foundation :  
That done ; O *Cesar* ! live, and be to us,  
Our *Fate*, our *Fortune*, and our *Genius* ;  
To whose free knees we may our temples tye  
As to a still protecting Deitie :

<sup>2</sup> The King was settled at Hampton Court under the protection of the army, Aug. 24, 1647 : but this poem seems to celebrate an earlier and happier occasion.

<sup>3</sup> Term of Astrology : a rising of such part of the ecliptic as may be auspicious.

That sho'd you stirre, we and our Altars too  
May (*Great Augustus*) goe along with You.

*Chor.* Long live the King ; and to accomplish this,  
We'l from our owne, adde far more years to his.

*Ultimus Heroum :*

or, *To the most Learned, and to the right Honourable,*  
*Henry, Marquesse of Dorchester.*<sup>4</sup>

AND as time past when *Cato* the Severe  
Entred the circum-spacious Theater ;  
In reverence of his person, every one  
Stood as he had been turn'd from flesh to stone :  
E'ne so my numbers will astonisht be  
If but lookt on ; struck dead, if scan'd by Thee.

*To his Muse, another to the same.*

TELL that Brave Man, fain thou wo'dst have  
access  
To kiss his hands, but that for fearfullness ;  
Or else because th' art like a modest Bride,  
Ready to blush to death, sho'd he but chide.

<sup>4</sup> Henry Pierrepont, 2nd Earl of Kingston, was created Marquis of Dorchester, 25th March, 1644. He died in 1680. He was eldest son of the "brave Newark."

*Upon Vineger.*

VINEGER is no other I define,  
Then the dead Corps, or Carkase of the Wine.

[than]

*Upon Mudge.<sup>5</sup>*

MUDGE every morning to the Postern comes,  
(His teeth all out) to rince and wash his  
gummes.

*To his learned Friend M. Jo. Harmar,<sup>6</sup>  
Phisitian to the Colledge of Westminster.*

WHEN first I find those Numbers thou do'st  
write,  
To be most soft, terce, sweet, and perpolite :<sup>7</sup>  
Next, when I see Thee towring in the skie,  
In an expansion no less large, then high ; [than]  
Then, in that compass, sayling here and there,  
And with Circumgyration<sup>8</sup> every where ;

<sup>5</sup> A Devonshire name.

<sup>6</sup> A native of Churchdoune, co. Gloucester : M. A. at Oxford in 1617, and (according to Anthony a-Wood) was always afterwards called "Doctor," though he had taken no higher degree than M. A.). He was sometime under-master of Westminster School, and Herrick no doubt playfully transmuted "Doctor" into "physician." He wrote Latin verse: died 1st Nov., 1670. <sup>7</sup> — thoroughly polished.

<sup>8</sup> See Glossarial Index under 'circum.'

Following with love and active heate thy game,  
 And then at last to truss<sup>9</sup> the Epigram ;  
 I must confess, distinction none I see  
 Between *Domitians Martiall*<sup>1</sup> then, and Thee.  
 But this I know, should *Jupiter* agen  
 Descend from heaven, to re-converse with men ;  
 The Romane Language full, and superfine,  
 If *Jove* wo'd speake, he wo'd accept of thine.

*Upon his Spaniell Tracie.*<sup>2</sup>

NOW thou art dead, no eye shall ever see,  
 For shape and service, *Spaniell* like to thee.  
 This shall my love doe, give thy sad death one  
 Teare, that deserves of me a million.

*The Deluge.*

DROWNING, drowning, I espie  
 Coming from my *Julia's* eye :  
 'Tis some solace in our smart,  
 To have friends to beare a part :  
 I have none ; but must be sure  
 Th' inundation to endure.

<sup>9</sup> As the whole metaphor is a hawking one, 'truss' must here mean, to seize and carry aloft. <sup>1</sup> *Domitian Martiall.*

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial Index.

Shall not times hereafter tell  
 This for no meane *miracle* ;  
 When the waters by their fall  
 Threatn'd ruine unto all ?  
 Yet the deluge here was known,  
 Of a world to drowne but One.

*Upon Luples.*

**L**UPES for the outside of his suite has paide ;  
 But for his heart, he cannot have it made :  
 The reason is, his credit cannot get  
 The inward carbage <sup>3</sup> for his cloathes as yet.

*Raggs.*

**W**HAT are our patches, tatters, raggs, and rents,  
 But the base dregs and lees of vestiments ?

*Strength to support Soveraignty.*

**L**ET Kings and Rulers learne this line from me ;  
*Where power is weake, unsafe is Majestie.*

*Upon Tubbs.*

**F**OR thirty yeares, *Tubbs* has been proud and  
 poor ;  
 "Tis now his habit, which he can't give ore.

<sup>3</sup> =garbage, as from 'garb,' trimming.

*Crutches.*

THOU seest me *Lucia* this year droope,  
 Three *Zodiaks* fill'd more I shall stoope ;  
 Let Crutches then provided be  
 To shore<sup>4</sup> up my debilitie.  
 Then while thou laugh'st ; Ile, sighing, crie,  
 A *Ruine underpropt* am I :  
 Do'n<sup>5</sup> will I then my *Beadsmans*<sup>6</sup> gown,  
 And when so feeble I am grown,  
 As my weake shoulders cannot beare  
 The burden of a *Grashopper* :  
 Yet with the bench of agèd sires,  
 When I and they keep tearmly fires ;<sup>7</sup>  
 With my weake voice I'le sing, or say  
 Some Odes I made of *Lucia* :<sup>8</sup>

<sup>4</sup> =support.      <sup>5</sup> Note the transition-form 'D'on' = do on.

<sup>6</sup> An almsman, or one that prays for a benefactor. Selden says, in his *Titles of Honour*, that he had seen a petition from a bishop to our king, Henry V., subscribed with "your worship's beadsman." *Glossographia*. N. Burns signed himself in a charming poem, "The beadsman of Nithsdale."

<sup>7</sup> This couplet may imply a wish to spend his old age with his former ancestors at the college where he was educated, or afterwards resided.

<sup>8</sup> From the preceding mention of the grasshopper, connected with his weak voice, it may be presumed that our poet had in view Homer's similitude with respect to feeble garrulous old men, in his third *Iliad*: ἀλλ' ἄγορηται, &c. N. The reference is rather to *Ecclesiastes* xii. 5.

Then will I heave my wither'd hand  
 To *Fove* the Mighty, for to stand  
 Thy faithfull friend, and to poure downe  
 Upon thee many a *Benizon*.

*To Julia.*

HOLY waters hither bring  
 For the sacred sprinkling :  
 Baptize me and thee, and so  
 Let us to the Altar go.  
 And (ere we our rites commence)  
 Wash our hands in innocence.  
 Then I'le be the *Rex Sacrorum*,  
 Thou the Queen of *Peace and Quorum*.\*

*Upon Case.*

CASE is a Lawyer, that near pleads alone, [nere  
 But when he hears the like confusion,  
 As when the disagreeing Commons throw  
 About their House, their clamorous I,<sup>1</sup> or No :  
 Then *Case*, as loud as any *Serjant* there,  
 Cries out (My lord, my Lord) the Case is clear :  
 But when all's hush't, *Case* then a fish more mute,<sup>2</sup> [than  
 Bestirs his Hand, but starves in hand the Suite.

\* = of Peace and *Law*.      <sup>1</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>2</sup> A classical epithet Λλος.

*To Perenna.*

I A *Dirge* will pen for thee ;  
Thou a *Trentall*<sup>3</sup> make for me :  
That the Monks and Fryers together,  
Here may sing the rest of either :  
Next, I'm sure, the Nuns will have  
*Candlemas* to grace the Grave.

*To his Sister in Law, M. Susanna Herrick.*<sup>4</sup>

THE Person crowns the Place ; your lot doth fall  
Last, yet to be with These a Principall.  
Howere it fortuned ; know for Truth, I meant  
You a fore-leader in this Testament.

*Upon the Lady Crew.*<sup>5</sup>

THIS Stone can tell the storie of my life,  
What was my Birth, to whom I was a Wife :  
In teeming years, how soon my Sun was set,  
Where now I rest, these may be known by *Jet*.<sup>6</sup>  
For other things, my many Children be  
The best and truest *Chronicles* of me.

<sup>3</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>4</sup> See Memorial-Introduction.

<sup>5</sup> She died 2nd December, 1639. See the various Crewe poems.

<sup>6</sup> Qu—ink? or the black-painted inscription? or the jet-black marble or other stone?

*On Tomasin Parsons.<sup>7</sup>*

GROW up in Beauty, as thou do'st begin,  
And be of all admirèd, *Tomasin.*

*Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve.*

DOWN with the Rosemary, and so  
Down with the Baies, & misletoe :  
Down with the Holly, Ivie, all,  
Wherewith ye drest the Christmas Hall :  
That so the superstitious find  
No one least Branch there left behind :  
For look, how many leaves there be  
Neglected there (maids trust to me)  
So many *Goblins* you shall see.<sup>8</sup>

*Suspicion makes secure.*

HE that will live of all cares dispossess,  
Must shun the bad, I,<sup>9</sup> and suspect the best.

*Upon Spokes.*

SPOKES, when he sees a rosted Pig, he swears  
Nothing he loves on't but the chaps and ears :  
But carve to him the fat flanks ; and he shall  
Rid these, and those, and part by part eat all.

<sup>7</sup> A forgotten woman (' Thomasina ').

<sup>8</sup> Folk-lore.

<sup>9</sup> =ay, as before.

*To his Kinsman, M. Tho :. Herrick, who  
desired to be in his Book.<sup>10</sup>*

WELCOME to this my Colledge, and though late  
Th'ast got a place here (standing candidate)  
It matters not, since thou art chosen one  
Here of my great and good foundation.

*A Bucolick betwixt Two : Lacon and Thyrsis.<sup>1</sup>*

*Lacon.* FOR a kiss or two, confesse,  
What doth cause this pensiveness,  
Thou most lovely Neat-heardesse ?<sup>2</sup>  
Why so lonely on the hill ?  
Why thy pipe by thee so still,  
That erewhile was heard so shrill ?  
Tell me, do thy kine now fail  
To fulfill<sup>3</sup> the milkin-paile ?  
Say, what is't that thou do'st aile ?

*Thyr.* None of these ; but out, alas !  
A mischance is come to pass,  
And I'le tell thee what it was :  
See mine eyes are weeping ripe,

<sup>10</sup> See Memorial-Introduction.

<sup>1</sup> Thyrsis in this poem is applied to a female character. I do not recollect to have seen it before given to a shepherdess by any pastoral writer. <sup>2</sup> = Cattle shepherdess. <sup>3</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

*Lacon.* Tell, and I'le lay down my Pipe.

*Thyr.* I have lost my lovely steere,  
 That to me was far more deer  
 Then these kine, which I milke here. [than  
 Broad of fore-head, large of eye,  
 Party-colour'd like a Pie ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Smooth in each limb as a die ;  
 Clear of hoof, and clear of horn ;  
 Sharply pointed as a thorn :  
 With a neck by yoke unworn.  
 From the which hung down by strings,  
 Balls of Cowslips, Daisie rings,  
 Enterplac't with ribbanings.  
 Faultless every way for shape ;  
 Not a straw co'd him escape ;  
 Ever gamesome as an ape :  
 But yet harmless as a sheep.  
 (Pardon, *Lacon* if I weep)  
*Tears will spring, where woes are deep.*  
 Now (ai me !) (ai me !) Last night  
 Came a mad dog, and did bite,  
 I,<sup>5</sup> and kil'd my dear delight.

*Lacon.* Alack, for grief !

<sup>4</sup> =pye.

<sup>5</sup> =ay.

*Thyr.* But I'le be brief.

Hence I must, for time doth call  
Me, and my sad Play-mates all,  
To his Ev'ning Funerall.

Live long, *Lacon*, so *adew!*

*Lacon.* Mourfull maid, farewell to you ;  
*Earth afford ye flowers to strew.*

*Upon Sapho.*

**L**OOK upon *Sapho's* lip, and you will swear,  
There is a love-like leven <sup>6</sup> rising there.

*Upon Faunus.*

**W**E read how *Faunus*,<sup>7</sup> he the shepheards *God*,  
His wife to death whipt with a *Mirtle Rod*.  
The Rod (perhaps) was better'd by the name ;  
But had it been of Birch, the death's the same.

*The Quintell.*<sup>8</sup>

**U**P with the Quintill, that the Rout,  
May fart for joy, as well as shout :  
Either's welcome, Stinke or Civit,  
If we take it, as they give it.

<sup>6</sup> Leaven.

<sup>7</sup> Mythical.

<sup>8</sup> See Glossarial Index. There used to be a Quintain Club at Oxford (1830-49), chiefly supported by the wealthier under-graduate members of Christ's Church.

*A Bacchanalian Verse.*

1. DRINKE up  
Your Cup,  
But not spill Wine ;  
For if you  
Do,  
'Tis an ill signe ;

2. That we  
Foresee,  
You are cloy'd here,  
If so, no  
Hoe,<sup>9</sup>  
But avoid here.

*Care a good keeper.*

CARE keepes the Conquest ; 'tis no lesse renowne,  
To keepe a Citie, then to winne a Towne.

*Rules for our reach.*

MEN must have Bounds<sup>10</sup> how farre to walke; for we  
Are made farre worse, by lawless liberty.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. 'Ho' in Halliwell : = stop.

<sup>10</sup> "Est modus in rebus," &c., Horace, Sat. i. 1, 106-7: Ep. i, 1, 32.

*To Biancha.*

AH *Biancha* ! now I see,  
 It is Noone and past with me :  
 In a while it will strike one ;  
 Then, *Biancha*, I am gone.  
 Some *effusions*<sup>1</sup> let me have,  
 Offer'd on my holy Grave ;  
 Then, *Biancha*, let me rest  
 With my face towards the East.<sup>2</sup>

*To the handsome Mistresse Grace Potter.<sup>3</sup>*

AS is your name, so is your comely face,  
 Toucht everywhere with such diffusèd grace,  
 As that in all that *admirable round*,  
 There is not one least *solecisme* found ;  
 And as that part, so every portion else,  
 Keepes line for line with *Beauties Parallels*.

*Anacreontike.*

I MUST  
 Not trust

Here to any ;  
 Bereav'd,  
 Deceiv'd

<sup>1</sup> =outpourings.

<sup>2</sup> The usual position—to salute the Sun of Righteousness at the Resurrection.

<sup>3</sup> See Memorial-Introduction.

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By so many :  
As one  
Undone  
By my losses ;  
Comply  
Will I  
With my crosses.  
Yet still  
I will  
Not be grieving ;  
Since thence  
And hence  
Comes relieving.  
But this  
Sweet is  
In our mourning ;  
Times bad  
And sad  
Are a turning :  
And he  
Whom we  
See dejected ;  
Next day  
Wee may  
See erected.

*More modest, more manly.*

TIS still observ'd, those men most valiant are,  
That are most modest ere they come to warre.

*Not to covet much where little is the charge.*

WHY sho'd we covet much, whenas we know,  
W'ave more to beare our charge, then way  
to go? [than]

*Anacreontick Verse.*

B RISK methinks I am, and fine,  
When I drinke my capring<sup>4</sup> wine :  
Then to love I do encline,  
When I drinke my wanton wine :  
And I wish all maidens mine,  
When I drinke my sprightly wine :  
Well I sup, and well I dine,  
When I drinke my frolick wine :  
But I languish, lowre, and Pine,  
When I want my fragrant wine.

*Upon Pennie.*

BROWN bread Tom Pennie eates, and must of right,  
Because his stock will not hold out for white.

<sup>4</sup> =leaping, sparkling, with the under-thought, that inclines him to dance or 'caper' and be merry. So when he drinks of the wanton making wine he inclines to love, &c., &c.

*Patience in Princes.*

**K**INGS must not use the Axe for each offence :  
*Princes cure some faults by their patience.*

*Feare gets force.*

**D**ESPAIRE takes heart, when ther's no hope to  
*speed :*

*The Coward then takes Armes, and do's the deed.*

*Parcell-gil't-Poetry.*

**L**ET'S strive to be the best ; the Gods, we know it,  
 Pillars and men, hate an indifferent Poet.

*Upon Love, by way of question and answer.*

**I** BRING ye Love. *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Like, and dislike ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

*Ans.* Stroake ye to strike ye.

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will Love do ?

*Ans.* Love will be-foole ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Heate ye to coole ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Love gifts will send ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Stock ye to spend ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Love will fulfill ye :

I bring ye love : *Quest.* What will love do ?

*Ans.* Kisse ye, to kill ye.

*To the Lord Hopton, on his fight in Cornwall.<sup>5</sup>*

**G**O on, brave *Hopton*, to effectuate that

Which wee, and times to come, shall wonder at.

Lift up thy Sword ; next, suffer it to fall,

And by that *One blow* set an end to all.

*His Grange.*

**H**OW well contented in this private *Grange*

Spend I my life ( that's subject unto change : )

Under whose Roofe with *Mosse-worke* wrought,

there I

Kisse my *Brown wife*, and *black Posterity*.

<sup>5</sup> Sir Ralph Hopton, of Stratton, co. Cornwall : created a Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Charles I. He took up arms in the Royal cause in 1642, and distinguished himself in several military affairs, but especially at Bradock Down, Stratton, where he obtained a decisive victory, and was in consequence created Baron Hopton 4th Sep., 1643. He went abroad during the Commonwealth, and died at Bruges in 1652. Of course Herrick inserted the later title on publishing his book.

*Leprosie in houses.*

WHEN to a House I come, and see  
 The Genius wastefull, more then free : [than  
 The servants *thumblesse*,<sup>6</sup> yet to eat,  
 With lawlesse tooth the floure of wheate :  
 The Sonnes to suck the milke of Kine,  
 More then the teats of Discipline :  
 The Daughters wild and loose in dresse ;  
 Their cheekes unstain'd with shamefac'tnesse :  
 The Husband drunke, the Wife to be  
 A Baud to incivility :<sup>7</sup>  
 I must confesse, I there descrie,  
 A House spred through with *Leprosie*.

*Good Manners at meat.*

THIS rule of manners I will teach my guests,  
 To come with their own bellies unto feasts :  
 Not to eat equall portions ; but to rise  
 Farc't<sup>8</sup> with the food, that may themselves suffice.

\* Qu—awkward, unhandy ? or from his former use of ‘*painful thumb*’ it may be negligent, idle. See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>7</sup> = a harbourer and promoter of incivility or unmannerliness.

<sup>8</sup> = stuffed.

Anthea's *Retraction*.

**A**NTHEA laught, and fearing lest excesse  
Might stretch the cords of civill comelinesse :  
She with a dainty blush rebuk't her face ;  
And cal'd each line back to his *rule* and *space*.

*Comforts in Crosses.*

**B**E not dismaide, though crosses cast thee downe ;  
Thy fall is but the rising to a Crowne.

*Seeke and finde.<sup>9</sup>*

**A**TTEMPT the end, and never stand to doubt ;  
*Nothing's so hard, but search will find it out.*

*Rest.*

**O**N with thy worke, though thou beest hardly  
prest ;  
*Labour is held up, by the hope of rest.<sup>1</sup>*

<sup>9</sup> *Improbus.* "Labor omnia vincit." Georgic i.

<sup>1</sup> ——— "hac mente laborem  
Sese ferri, senes ut in otia tuta recedant,  
Aiunt." Horace, Sat. i. 1, 30-2.

*Leprosie in Cloathes.*

WHEN flowing garments I behold  
 Enspir'd<sup>2</sup> with *Purple, Pearle, and Gold*;  
 I think no other but I see  
 In them a glorious leprosie,  
 That do's infect, and make the rent  
 More mortall in the vestiment.  
*As flowrie vesture doe descrie<sup>3</sup>*  
*The wearers rich immodestie;*  
*So plaine and simple cloathes doe show*  
*Where vertue walkes, not those that flow.*

*Upon Buggins.*

BUGGINS is Drunke all night, all day he sleepe  
 This is the Levell-coyle<sup>4</sup> that *Buggins* keeps.

*Great Maladies, long Medicines.*

TO an old soare a long cure must goe on ;  
 Great faults require great satisfaction.

*His Answer to a friend.*

YOU aske me what I doe, and how I live ?  
 And ( Noble friend ) this answer I must give :

<sup>2</sup> =encircled with borderings of purple, &c. ( $\sigma\pi\epsilon\rho\alpha$  spira).

<sup>3</sup> =discover or reveal.      <sup>4</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

Drooping, I draw on to the vaults of death,  
O're which you'l walk, when I am laid beneath.

*The Begger.*

**S**HALL I a daily Begger be,  
For loves sake asking almes of thee ?  
Still shall I crave, and never get  
A hope of my desirèd bit ?  
Ah cruell maides ! Ile goe my way,  
Whereas ( perchance ) my fortunes may  
Finde out a Threshold or a doore,  
That may far sooner speed the poore :  
Where thrice we knock, and none will heare,  
Cold comfort still I'm sure lives there.

*Bastards.*

**O**UR Bastard-children are but like to Plate,  
Made by the Coyners illegitimate.

*His change.*

**M**Y many cares and much distress,  
Has made me like a wilderness :  
Or (discompos'd) I'm like a rude,  
And all-confusèd multitude :  
Out of my comely manners worne ;  
And as in meanes, in minde all torne.

*The Vision.*

M E thought I saw ( as I did dreame in bed )  
 A crawling Vine about *Anacreon's* head :  
 Flusht was his face ; his haires with oyle did shine ;  
 And as he spake, his mouth ranne ore with wine.  
 Tipled he was ; and tipling lispt withall ;  
 And lisping reeld, and reeling like to fall.  
 A young *Enchantresse* close by him did stand  
 Tapping his plump thighes with a *mirtle* wand :  
 She smil'd ; he kist ; and kissing, cull'd<sup>5</sup> her too ;  
 And being cup-shot,<sup>6</sup> more he co'd not doe.  
 For which ( me thought ) in prittie anger she  
 Snatcht off his Crown, and gave the wreath to me :  
 Since when ( me thinks ) my braines about doe swim,  
 And I am wilde and wanton like to him.

*A Vow to Venus.*

H APPILY I had a sight  
 Of my dearest deare last night ;  
 Make her this day smile on me,  
 And Ile Roses give to thee.

<sup>5</sup> =embraced.<sup>6</sup> As we speak of a gun-shot wound,  
 so a reeling tipsy, more or less helpless man, was said to be 'cup-  
 shot.' Halliwell gives 'cap-shotten.'

*On his Booke.*

THE bound ( almost ) now of my book I see,  
But yet no end of those therein or me :  
Here we begin new life ; while thousands quite  
Are lost, and theirs, in everlasting night.

*A Sonnet of Perilla.*

THEN did I live when I did see  
*Perilla* smile on none but me.  
But ( ah ! ) by starres malignant crost,  
The life I got I quickly lost :  
But yet a way there doth remaine,  
For me embalm'd to live againe ;  
And that's to love me ; in which state  
Ile live as one *Regenerate*.

*Bad may be better.*

MAN may at first transgress, but next do well :  
*Vice doth in some but lodge awhile, not dwell.*

*Posting to Printing.*

LET others to the Printing Presse run fast,  
Since after death comes glory, *Ile not haste*.

*Rapine brings Ruine.*

WHAT'S got by Justice is establisht sure ;  
*No Kingdomes got by Rapine long endure.*

*Comfort to a youth that had  
lost his Love.*

WHAT needs complaints,  
When she a place

Has with the race

Of Saints ?

In endlesse mirth,

She thinks not on

What's said or done

In earth :

She sees no teares,

Or any tone

Of thy deep grone

She heares :

Nor do's she minde,

Or think on't now,

That ever thou

Wast kind.

But chang'd above,

She likes not there,

As she did here,

Thy Love.

Forbeare therefore,

And lull asleepe

Thy woes, and weep

*No more.*

*Upon Boreman. Epig.*

BOREMAN takes tole, cheats, flatters, lyes ; yet  
*Boreman,*

For all the Divell helps, will be a poore man.

*Saint Distaff's day, or the morrow after  
 Twelth day.<sup>7</sup>*

PARTLY worke and partly play  
 Ye must on S. *Distaff's* day :  
 From the Plough soone free your teame ;  
 Then come home and fother<sup>8</sup> them.  
 If the Maides a-spinning goe,  
 Burne the flax, and fire the tow :  
 Scorch their plackets,<sup>9</sup> but beware  
 That ye singe no maiden-haire.  
 Bring in pailes of water then,  
 Let the Maides bewash the men.

<sup>7</sup> I have not hitherto met with any record of this saint, nor was I aware that such ever occurred in our calendar . . . . St. Distaff is perhaps only a coinage of our poets, to designate the day, when the Christmas vacation being over, good housewives, with others, resumed their usual employment. N. Good Dr. Nott is perhaps too absurdly matter-of-fact. Probably St. Distaff was a piece of rustic witticism.

<sup>8</sup> =fodder.

<sup>9</sup> =a woman's pocket.

Give S. *Distaffe* all the right,  
 Then bid Christmas sport *good night* ;  
 And next morrow, every one  
 To his owne vocation.

*Sufferance.*

I N the hope of ease to come,  
 Let's endure one Martyrdome.

*His teares to Thamasis.*

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss  
 To thee, my *silver-footed Thamasis*.  
 No more shall I reiterate <sup>10</sup> thy Strand,  
 Whereon so many Stately Structures stand :  
 Nor in the summers sweeter evenings go,  
 To bath in thee (as thousand others doe,) )  
 No more shall I along thy christall glide,  
 In Barge (with boughes and rushes beautif'd)  
 With soft-smooth Virgins (for our chast disport)  
 To *Richmond, Kingstone*, and to *Hampton-Court*.  
 Never againe shall I with Finnie-Ore  
 Put from, or draw unto the faithfull shore :  
 And Landing here, or safely Landing there,  
 Make way to my *Belovèd Westminster*:

<sup>10</sup> =pace and repace.

Or to the *Golden-cheap-side*, where the earth  
 Of *Julia Herrick* gave to me my Birth.  
 May all clean *Nimphs* and curious water Dames,  
 With Swan-like-state, flote up & down thy streams :  
 No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
 To make them Leane, and languishing at all.  
 No ruffling winds come hither to disease<sup>1</sup>  
 Thy pure, and *Silver-twisted Naides*.  
 Keep up your state, ye streams ; and as ye spring,  
 Never make sick your Banks by surfeiting.  
 Grow young with Tydes, and though I see ye never,  
 Receive this vow, *so fare-ye-well for ever*:<sup>2</sup>

*Pardons.*

THOSE ends in War the best contentment bring,  
 Whose Peace is made up with a Pardoning.

*Peace not Permanent.*

GREAT Cities seldome rest : If there be none  
 T'invade from far ; They'l finde worse foes at home.

<sup>1</sup> = dis-ease, trouble or bring unrest. See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>2</sup> See Memorial-Introduction on this poem.

*Truth and Error.*

T WIXT *Truth and Error*, there's this difference  
known,  
*Error* is fruitfull,<sup>3</sup> *Truth* is onely one.

*Things mortall, still mutable.*

T HINGS are uncertain, and the more we get,  
*The more on ycie pavements we are set.*

*Studies to be supported.*

S TUDIES themselves will languish and decay,  
*When either price, or praise is ta'ne away.*

*Wit punisht, prospers most.*

D READ not the shackles : on with thine intent ;  
*Good wits get more fame by their punishment.*

*Twelfe night, or King and Queene.*

N OW, now the mirth comes  
With the cake full of plums,  
Where Beane's the *King* of the sport here ;  
Beside we must know,  
The Pea also  
Must revell, as *Queene*, in the Court here.

<sup>3</sup> = manifold, infinite. Plato and Cicero.

Begin then to chuse,  
 (This night as ye use)  
 Who shall for the present delight here,  
 Be a *King* by the lot,  
 And who shall not  
 Be Twelfe-day *Queene* for the night here.

Which knowne, let us make  
 Joy-sops<sup>4</sup> with the cake ;  
 And let not a man then be seen here,  
 Who unurg'd will not drinke  
 To the base from the brink  
 A health to the King and the Queene here.

Next crowne the bowle full  
 With gentle lambs-wooll ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Adde sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,  
 With store of ale too ;  
 And thus ye must doe  
 To make the wassaile a swinger.<sup>6</sup>

Give then to the King  
 And Queene wassailing :  
 And though with ale ye be whet here ;

<sup>4</sup> =sops-of-joy.

<sup>5</sup> See the "Oxford Night-Cap" for a receipt for this drink mixture and Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>6</sup> =large and full.

Yet part ye from hence,  
As free from offence,  
As when ye innocent met here.

*His desire.*

**G**IVE me a man that is not dull,  
When all the world with rifts<sup>7</sup> is full :  
But unamaz'd dares clearely sing,  
Whenas the roof's a-tottering :  
And, though it falls, continues still  
Tickling the *Citterne*<sup>8</sup> with his quill.

*Caution in Councell.*

**K**NOW when to speake ; for many times it brings  
Danger, to give the best advice to Kings.

*Moderation.*

**L**ET moderation on thy passions waite  
Who loves too much, too much the lov'd will  
hate.

*Advice the best actor.*

**S**TILL take advice ; though counsels, when they flye  
*At randome, sometimes hit most happily.*

<sup>7</sup> = rents.<sup>8</sup> = musical stringed instrument.

*Conformity is comely.*

**C**ONFORMITY gives comeliness to things :  
*And equall shares exclude all murmerings.*

*Lawes.*

**W**HOO violates the Customes, hurts the Health,  
*Not of one man, but all the Common-wealth.*

*The meane.<sup>9</sup>*

**T**IS much among the filthy to be clean ;  
*Our heat of youth can hardly keep the mean.*

*Like loves his like.*

**L**IKE will to like,<sup>1</sup> each Creature loves his kinde ;  
*Chaste words proceed still from a bashfull minde.*

*His Hope or sheat-Anchor.*

**A**MONG these Tempests great and manifold  
*My Ship has here one only Anchor-hold ;*  
*That is my hope ; which if that slip, I'm one*  
*Wildred in this vast watry Region.*

<sup>9</sup> = middle or medium. See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>1</sup> ὅμοιον ὁμοίω φίλον—a common-place of the Classics.

*Comfort in Calamity.<sup>2</sup>*

TIS no discomfort in the world to fall,  
When the great Crack<sup>3</sup> not Crushes one, but all.

*Twilight.*

THE Twi-light is no other thing ( we say )  
Then Night now gone, and yet not sprung the  
Day.<sup>4</sup>

*False Mourning.*

HE who wears Blacks, and mournes not for the  
Dead,  
Do's but deride the Party burièd.

*The will makes the work, or consent  
makes the Cure.*

NO grief is grown so desperate, but the ill  
Is halfe way curèd, if the party will.

*Diet.*

IF wholsome Diet can re-cure<sup>5</sup> a man,  
What need of Physick, or Physitian ?

<sup>2</sup> " Solamen misseris socios habuisse dolorum."

<sup>3</sup> So the 'crack of Doom.'                  <sup>4</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>5</sup> Used (then) in one sense of cure.

*Smart.*

STRIPES justly given yerk<sup>6</sup> us ( with their fall )  
But causelesse whipping smarts the most of all.

*The Tinkers Song.*

A LONG, come along,  
Let's meet in a throng  
Here of Tinkers ;  
And quaffe up a Bowle  
As big as a Cowle  
To Beer Drinkers.  
  
The pole of the Hop  
Place in the Ale-shop  
To Bethwack us ;  
If ever we think  
So much as to drink  
Unto *Bacchus*.  
  
Who frolick will be,  
For little cost he  
Must not vary,  
From Beer-broth at all,  
So much as to call  
For Canary.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> Yark, yerk, jerk, jirk = to lash or whip. Here the meaning is either to hurt as lashes do, or (more probably) make us kick as does a horse under the lash.      <sup>7</sup> Wine so named, from the *Canary Isles*.

*His Comfort.*

THE only comfort of my life  
Is, that I never yet had wife ;  
Nor will hereafter ; since I know  
Who Weds, ore-buyes his weal with woe.

*Sincerity.*

WASH clean the Vessell, lest ye soure  
Whatever Liquor in ye powre.<sup>8</sup>

*To Anthea.*

SICK is *Anthea*, sickly is the spring,  
The Primrose sick, and sickly every thing :  
The while my deer *Anthea* do's but droop,  
The *Tulips*, *Lillies*, *Daffadills* do stoop ;  
But when again sh'as got her healthfull houre,  
Each bending then, will rise a proper flower.

*Nor buying or selling.*

NOW, if you love me, tell me,  
For as I will not sell ye,  
So not one cross to buy thee  
Ile give, if thou deny me.

<sup>8</sup> "Sincerum est nisi vas, quodcunque infundis, acesit." Horace,  
Epist. i. 2, 54.

*To his peculiar friend M. Jo: Wicks.<sup>9</sup>*

SINCE shed or Cottage I have none,  
 I sing the more, that thou hast one ;  
 To whose glad threshold, and free door  
 I may a Poet come, though poor ;  
 And eat with thee a savory bit,  
 Paying but common thanks for it.  
 Yet sho'd I chance, (my *Wicks*) to see  
 An over-leven<sup>1</sup>-looke in thee,  
 To soure the Bread, and turn the Beer  
 To an exalted vineger ;  
 Or sho'dst thou prize me as a Dish  
 Of thrice-boyl'd-worts,<sup>2</sup> or third dayes fish ;  
 I'de rather hungry go and come,  
 Then to thy house be Burdensome ;                          [than  
 Yet, in my depth of grief, I'de be  
 One that sho'd drop his *Beads* for thee.

*The more mighty, the more mercifull.*

WHO may do most, do's least : The bravest will  
 Shew mercy there, where they have power to kill.

\* See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>1</sup> =sour, as barm or flour leavened with it, when it passes into the further stage of acetous or vinegary fermentation.

<sup>2</sup> =cabbage.

*After Autumne, Winter.*

DIE ere long, I'm sure, I shall ;  
After leaves, the tree must fall.

*A good death.*

FOR truth I may this sentence tell,  
*No man dies ill, that liveth well.*<sup>3</sup>

*Recompence.*

WHO plants an Olive, but to eate the Oile ?  
*Reward, we know, is the chiefe end of toile.*

*On Fortune.*

THIS is my comfort, when she's most unkind,  
She can but spoile me of my Meanes, not Mind.

*To Sir George Parrie, Doctor of the  
Civill Law.<sup>4</sup>*

I HAVE my Laurel Chaplet on my head,  
If 'mongst these many Numbers to be read,  
But one by you be hug'd and cherishèd.

<sup>3</sup> See Memorial-Introduction for parallel later (in Pope).

<sup>4</sup> He was admitted to the College of Advocates, London, 3rd Nov., 1628; but almost nothing has been transmitted concerning him save that he married the d. and heir of Sir Giles Sweet, Dean of Arches.

Peruse my Measures thoroughly, and where  
 Your judgement finds a guilty Poem, there  
 Be you a Judge ; but not a Judge severe.

The meane passe by, or over, none contemne ;  
 The good applaud : the peccant lesse condemne,  
 Since *Absolution* you can give to them.

Stand forth Brave Man, here to the publique sight ;  
 And in my Booke now claim a two-fold right :  
 The first as *Doctor*, and the last as *Knight*.

*Charmes.*

**T**HIS Ile tell ye by the way,  
 Maidens when ye Leavens<sup>5</sup> lay,  
 Crosse your Dow,<sup>6</sup> and your dispatch,  
 Will be better for your Batch.<sup>7</sup>

*Another.<sup>8</sup>*

**I**N the morning when ye rise,  
 Wash your hands, and cleanse your eyes.  
 Next be sure ye have a care,  
 To disperse the water farre.

<sup>5</sup> Also 'leavance'—the dough mingled with the barm or leavened: and though to lay leavance is explained by some as to mingle the two, it is more probably to lay it aside to rise or leaven.

<sup>6</sup> =dough. <sup>7</sup> =the baking, or quantity or number baked.

<sup>8</sup> and <sup>9</sup> Folk-lore.

For as farre as that doth light,  
So farre keepes the evill Spright.<sup>9</sup>

*Another.*

**I**F ye feare to be affrighted  
When ye are (by chance) benighted :  
In your Pocket for a trust,  
Carrie nothing but a Crust :  
For that holy piece of Bread  
Charmes the danger, and the dread.

*Upon Gorgonius.<sup>1</sup>*

**U**NTO *Pastillus* ranke *Gorgonius* came,  
To have a tooth twitcht out of's native frame.  
Drawn was his tooth ; but stanke so, that some say,  
The Barber stopt his Nose, and ranne away.

*Gentlenesse.*

**T**HAT Prince must govern with a gentle hand,  
*Who will have love comply with his command.*

<sup>1</sup> There is a slip here in the names: no doubt Herrick was thinking of Horace, Sat. i. 4, 92: "Pastillos Rufillus olet, Gorgonius hircum," and has made Pastillos into a man.

*A Dialogue betwixt himselfe and Mistresse Eliza :  
Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis.<sup>2</sup>*

MY dearest Love, since thou wilt go,  
And leave me here behind thee ;  
For love or pitie let me know  
The place where I may find thee.

*Amaril.* In country Meadowes pearl'd with Dew,  
And set about with Lillies ;  
There filling Maunds<sup>3</sup> with Cowslips, you  
May find your *Amarillis*.

*Her.* What have the Meades to do with thee,  
Or with thy youthfull houres ?  
Live thou at Court, where thou mayst be  
The *Queen* of men, not flowers.

Let Country wenches make 'em fine  
With Poesies,<sup>4</sup> since 'tis fitter  
For thee with richest Jemmes to shine,  
And like the Starres to glitter.

*Amaril.* You set too high a rate upon  
A Shepheardess so homely ;

*Her.* Believe it (dearest) ther's not one  
I'th' Court that's halfe so comly.

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>3</sup> = baskets. See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>4</sup> = posies.

I prithee stay. (*Am.*) I must away ;  
Lets kiss first, then we'l sever.

*Ambo.* And though we bid adieu to day,  
Wee shall not part for ever.

*To Julia.*

**H**ELP me, *Julia*, for to pray,  
Mattens sing, or Mattens say :<sup>5</sup>  
This I know, the Fiend will fly  
Far away, if thou beest by.  
Bring the Holy-water hither ;  
Let us wash, and pray together :  
When our Beads are thus united,  
Then the Foe will fly affrighted.

*To Roses in Julia's Bosome.*

**R**OSES, you can never die,  
Since the place wherein ye lye,  
Heat and moisture mixt are so,  
As to make ye ever grow.

*To the Honour'd, Master  
Endimion Porter.<sup>6</sup>*

**W**HEN to thy Porch I come, and (ravisht) see  
The State of Poets there attending Thee :

• = matins.

<sup>6</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

Those *Bardes* and I, all in a *Chorus* sing,  
We are Thy *Prophets Porter*; *Thou our King.*

*Speake in season.*

WHEN times are troubled, then forbear; but  
speak,  
When a cleare day, out of a Cloud do's break.

*Obedience.*

THE Power of Princes rests in the Consent  
Of onely those, who are obedient:  
Which if away, proud Scepters then will lye  
Low, and of Thrones the Ancient *Majesty.*

*Another on the same.*

NO man so well a Kingdome Rules, as He,  
Who hath himselfe obaid the Soveraignty.

*Of Love.*

1. INSTRUCT me now, what love will do ;  
2. 'Twill make a tongless man to wooe.
1. Inform me next, what love will do ;  
2. 'Twill strangely make a one of too. [two]
1. Teach me besides, what love wil do ;  
2. 'Twill quickly mar, & make ye too.

1. Tell me, now last, what love will do ;
2. 'Twill hurt and heal a heart pierc'd through.

*Upon* Trap.

**T**RAP, of a Player turn'd a Priest now is ;  
Behold a suddaine *Metamorphosis*.

If Tythe-pigs faile, then will he shift the scean,  
And, from a Priest, turne Player once again.

*Upon* Grubs.

**G**RUBS loves his Wife and Children, while that  
they

Can live by love, or else grow fat by Play :  
But when they call or cry on *Grubs* for meat ;  
Instead of Bread, *Grubs* gives them stones to eat.  
He raves, he rends, and while he thus doth tear,  
His Wife and Children fast to death for fear.

*Upon* Dol.

**N**O question but *Dols* cheeks wo'd soon rost dry,  
Were they not basted by her either eye.

*Upon* Hog.

**H**OG has a place i'th' Kitchen, and his share  
The flimsie Livers, and blew Gizzards are.

*The School or Perl of Putney, the Mistress of all singular manners, Mistresse Portman.<sup>7</sup>*

WHETHER I was my selfe, or else did see  
Out of my self that *Glorious Hierarchie!*  
Or whether those (in orders rare) or these  
Made up One State of *Sixtie Venuses* ;  
Or whether *Fairies, Syrens, Nymphes* they were,  
Or *Muses*, on their mountaine sitting there ;  
Or some enchanted Place, I do not know  
(Or *Sharon*, where eternall Roses grow.)  
This I am sure ; I Ravisht stood, as one  
Confus'd in utter Admiracion.  
Me thought I saw them stir, and gently move,  
And look as all were capable of Love :  
And in their motion smelt much like to flowers  
Enspir'd by th' Sun-beams after dews & showers.  
There did I see the *Reverend Rectresse* stand,  
Who with her eyes-gleam, or a glance of hand,  
Those spirits rais'd ; and with like precepts then,  
(As with a *Magick*) laid them all agen :

<sup>7</sup> Mr. Henry Portman occurs frequently in the Putney Parish Register during Herrick's period, and a Mrs. Mary Portman was buried there 27th June, 1671. Apparently mistress of a finishing school of deportment.

*(A happy Realme ! When no compulsive Law,  
Or fear of it, but Love keeps all in awe.)*

Live you, great Mistresse of your Arts, and be  
A nursing Mother so to Majesty ;  
As those your Ladies may in time be seene,  
For Grace and Carriage, every one a Queene.  
One Birth their Parents gave them ; but their new,  
And better Being, they receive from You.  
*Mans former Birth is grace-lesse ; but the state  
Of life comes in, when he's Regenerate.*

*To Perenna.*

THOU say'st I'm dull ; if edge-lesse so I be,  
Ile whet my lips, and sharpen Love on thee.

*On himselfe.*

LET me not live, if I not love,  
Since I as yet did never prove,  
Where Pleasures met : at last, doe find,  
All Pleasures meet in Woman-kind.

*On Love.*

THAT love 'twixt men do's ever longest last  
Where War and Peace the Dice by turns doe  
cast.

*Another on Love.*

LOVE'S of it self, too sweet; the best of all  
Is, when loves hony has a dash of gall.

*Upon Gut.*

SCIENCE puffs up, sayes *Gut*, when either Pease  
Make him thus swell, or windy Cabbages.

*Upon Chub.*

WHEN *Chub* brings in his harvest, still he cries,  
Aha my boyes! heres wheat for Christmas  
Pies!

Soone after, he for beere so scores<sup>8</sup> his wheat,  
That at the tide, he has not bread to eate.

*Pleasures Pernicious.*

WHERE Pleasures rule a Kingdome, never there  
Is sober virtue seen to move her sphere.

*On himself.*

A WEARIED Pilgrim, I have wandred here  
Twice five and twenty (bate me but one yeer)  
Long I have lasted in this world; ('tis true)  
But yet those yeers that I have liv'd, but few.

\* = runs up a score that is to be paid by his wheat, or by the price of it.

Who by his gray Haires, doth his lusters tell,  
 Lives not those yeers, but he that lives them well.  
 One man has reatch't his sixty yeers, but he  
 Of all those three-score, has not liv'd halfe three :<sup>9</sup>  
*He lives, who lives to virtue : men who cast  
 Their ends for Pleasure, do not live, but last.*

*To M. Laurence Swetnam.*<sup>1</sup>

R EAD thou my Lines, my *Swetnam*, if there be  
 A fault, 'tis hid, if it be voic't by thee.  
 Thy mouth will make the sourest numbers please ;  
 How will it drop pure hony, speaking these ?

*His Covenant or Protestation to Julia.*

WHY do'st thou wound, & break my heart,  
 As if we sho'd for ever part ?

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Randolph and Herbert. See Memorial-Introduction.

<sup>1</sup> Baptisms of children of Lawrence Swettenham occur in the Parish Register of St. Margaret's, Westminster, as early as 1625, and in an Act Book of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, 10th July, 1639, *Laurence Swetnam*, Gent., is mentioned as a churchwarden of St. Margaret's. Thomas Swettenham, of Swettenham, co. Chester, Esq., who married, in 1602, Mary, d. of John Birtles, of Birtles Esquire, had a third son named Lawrence. Lawrence Sweatnam was buried in the East Cloister of Westminster Abbey, 2nd May, 1673. Cf. Col. Chester's "Westminster Abbey," s. n.

Hast thou not heard an Oath from me,  
After a day, or two, or three,  
I wo'd come back and live with thee ?  
Take, if thou do'st distrust that Vowe ;  
This second Protestation now.  
Upon thy cheeke that spangel'd Teare,  
Which sits as Dew of Roses there :  
That Teare shall scarce be dri'd before  
Ile kisse the Threshold of thy dore.  
Then weepe not, sweet ; but thus much know,  
I'm halfe return'd before I go.

*On himselfe.*

I WILL no longer kiss,  
I can no longer stay ;  
The way of all Flesh is,  
That I must go this day :  
Since longer I can't live,  
My frolick Youths adieu ;  
My Lamp to you Ile give,  
And all my troubles too.

*To the most accomplisht Gentleman Master  
Michael Oulsworth.*

NOR thinke that Thou in this my Booke art worst,  
Because not plac't here with the midst, or first.

Since Fame that sides with these, or goes before  
 Those, that must live with Thee for evermore.  
 That Fame, and Fames rear'd Pillar, thou shalt see  
 In the next sheet, *Brave Man*, to follow Thee.  
 Fix on that Columne then, and never fall ;  
 Held up by Fames eternall Pedestall.

*To his Girles who would have him sportfull.*

A LAS! I can't, for tell me how  
 Can I be gamesome (agèd now : )  
 Besides, ye see me daily grow  
 Here, Winter-like, to Frost and Snow.  
 And I ere long, my Girles, shall see,  
 Ye quake for cold to looke on me.

*Truth and falsehood.*

T RUTH by her own simplicity is known ;  
 Falsehood by Varnish and Vermillion.

*His last request to Julia.*

I HAVE been wanton, and too bold I feare,  
 To chafe o'remuch the Virgins cheek or eare :  
 Beg for my Pardon, *Julia* ; *He doth winne*  
*Grace with the Gods, who's sorry for his sinne.*  
 That done, my *Julia*, dearest *Julia*, come,  
 And go with me to chuse my Buriall roome :

My Fates are ended ; when thy *Herrick* dyes,  
Claspe thou his Book, then close thou up his Eyes.

*On himselfe.*

ONE Eare tingles ;<sup>2</sup> some there be,  
That are snarling now at me :  
Be they those that *Homer* bit,  
I will give them thanks for it.

*Upon Kings.*

KINGS must be dauntlesse : Subjects will contemne  
Those, who want Hearts, and weare a Diadem.

*To his Girles.*

WANTON Wenches doe not bring  
For my haires black colouring :  
For my Locks (Girles) let 'em be  
Gray or white, all's one to me.

*Upon Spur.*

SPUR jingles now, and sweares by no meane  
oathes,  
He's double honour'd, since h'as got gay cloathes :

<sup>2</sup> There seems to be a reference here to the classical notion, as in Virgil: Bucol. It is of still living folk-lore.

Most like his Suite, and all commend the Trim ;  
 And thus they praise the Sumpter; but not him :  
 As to the Goddesse, people did conferre  
 Worship, and not to'th' Asse that carried her.<sup>3</sup>

*To his Brother Nicolas Herrick.*<sup>4</sup>

WHAT others have with cheapnesse seene, and  
 ease,  
 In Varnisht Maps ; by'th' helpe of Compasses :  
 Or reade in Volumes, and those Bookes (with all  
 Their large Narrations, *Incanonicall*)<sup>5</sup>  
 Thou hast beheld those seas, and Countries farre ;  
 And tel'st to us, what once they were, and are.  
 So that with bold truth, thou canst now relate  
 This Kingdomes fortune, and that Empires fate :  
 Canst talke to us of *Sharon* ; where a spring  
 Of Roses have an endlesse flourishing.  
 Of *Sion*, *Sinai*, *Nebo*, and with them,  
 Make knowne to us the new *Jerusalem*.  
 The Mount of *Olives* ; *Calverie*, and where  
 Is (and hast seene) thy *Saviours Sepulcher*.

<sup>3</sup> =the ass carrying the mysteries: cf. Aristophanes' *Frogs*, 159.

<sup>4</sup> See Memorial-Introduction.

<sup>5</sup> =un-canonical, and therefore not to be wholly relied on.

So that the man that will but lay his eares,  
As *Inapostate*,<sup>6</sup> to the thing he heares,  
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see  
The truth of Travails lesse in booke then Thee.

[than]

*The Voice and Violl.*

RARE is the voice it selfe ; but when we sing  
To'th' Lute or Violl, then 'tis ravishing.

*Warre.*

IF Kings and kingdomes, once distracted be,  
The sword of war must trie the Soveraignty.

*A King and no King.*

THAT Prince, who may doe nothing but what's just,  
Rules but by leave, and takes his Crowne on trust.

*Plots not still prosperous.*

ALL are not ill Plots, that doe sometimes faile ;  
Nor those false vows, which oft times don't  
prevaile.

<sup>6</sup> = a non-apostate—one who does not revolt or turn away. In next line 'by' is misprinted 'be.'

*Flatterie.*

WHAT is't that wasts a Prince? example  
showes,

'Tis flatterie spends a King, more then his foes. [than

*Upon Rumpe.*

RUMPE is a Turne-broach,<sup>7</sup> yet he seldome can  
Steale a swolne sop out of the Dripping pan.

*Upon Shopter.*

OLD Widow Shopter, whensoere she cryes,  
Lets drip a certain Gravie from her eyes.

*Upon Deb.*

I F felt and heard, (unseen) thou dost me please ;  
If seen, thou lik'st me, Deb, in none of these.

*Excesse.*

EXCESSE is sluttish : keepe the meane ; for why ?  
Vertue's clean Conclave is sobriety.

*Upon Croot.*

ONE silver spoon shines in the house of Croot ;  
Who cannot buie, or steale a second to't.

<sup>7</sup> = turn-spit.

*The Soul is the salt.*

THE body's salt, the soule is ; which when gon,  
The flesh soone sucks in putrifaction.

*Upon Flood, or a thankfull man.*

FLOOD, if he has for him and his a bit,  
He sayes his fore and after Grace for it :  
If meate he wants, then Grace he sayes to see  
His hungry belly borne by Legs *Jaile-free*.  
Thus have, or have not, all alike is good,  
To this our poore, yet ever patient *Flood*.

*Upon Pimpe.*

WHEN *Pimpes* feet sweat (as they doe often use)  
There springs a sope-like-lather in his shoos.

*Upon Luske.*

IN Den'-shire Kerzie *Lusk*<sup>8</sup> (when he was dead)  
Wo'd shrouded be, and therewith buried.  
When his Assignes askt him the reason why?  
He said, because he got his wealth thereby.

*Foolishnesse.*

IN'S *Tusc'lanes*, *Tullie* doth confesse,  
No plague ther's like to foolishnesse.

<sup>8</sup> Devonshire was in former times famous for manufactures.

*Upon Rush.*

RUSH saves his shooes, in wet and snowie wether ;  
 And feares in summer to weare out the lether :  
 This is strong thrift that warie *Rush* doth use  
 Summer and Winter still to save his shooes.

*Abstinence.*

A GAINST diseases here the strongest fence  
 Is the defensive vertue, Abstinence.

*No danger to men desperate.*

WHEN feare admits no hope of safety, then  
 Necessity makes dastards valiant men.

*Sauce for sorrowes.*

ALTHOUGH our suffering meet with no relief,  
*An equall mind is the best sauce for griefe.*<sup>1</sup>

*To Cupid.*

I HAVE a leaden, thou a shaft of gold ;  
 Thou kil'st with heate, and I strike dead with  
 cold.

<sup>1</sup> “Æquam memento rebus in arduis  
 Servare mentem,” &c. Horace, Od. II. iii. ll. 1—2.

Let's trie of us who shall the first expire ;  
 Or thou by frost, or I by quenchlesse fire :  
*Extreames are fatall, where they once doe strike.*  
*And bring to'th' heart destruction both alike.*

*Distrust.*

WAT ever men for Loyalty pretend,  
*Tis Wisedomes part to doubt a faithfull friend.<sup>2</sup>*

*The Hagg.*

THE stasfe is now greas'd :  
 And very well pleas'd,  
 She cockes out her Arse at the parting,  
 To an old Ram Goat,  
 That rattles i'th' throat,  
 Halse choakt with the stink of her farting.

In a dirtie Haire-lace  
 She leads on a brace  
 Of black-bore-cats<sup>3</sup> to attend her ;  
 Who scratch at the Moone,  
 And threaten at noone  
 Of night from Heaven for to rend her.

<sup>2</sup> From Aristotle onward, this has been a common-place.

<sup>3</sup> = male cats.

A-hunting she goes ;  
 A crackt horne she blowes ;  
 At which the hounds fall a-bounding ;  
 While th' Moone in her sphere  
 Peepes trembling for feare,  
 And night's afraid of the sounding.

*The mount of the Muses.*

**A**FTER thy labour take thine ease,  
 Here with the sweet *Pierides*.  
 But if so be that men will not  
 Give thee the Laurell Crowne for lot ;  
 Be yet assur'd, thou shalt have one  
 Not subject to corruption.

*On Himselfe.*

**I**L'E write no more of Love ; but now repent  
 Of all those times that I in it have spent.  
 Ile write no more of life ; but wish 'twas ended,  
 And that my dust was to the earth commended.

*To his Booke.*

**G**OE thou forth, my booke, though late ;  
 Yet be timely fortunate.

It may chance good-luck may send  
Thee a kinsman, or a friend,  
That may harbour thee, when I,  
With my fates neglected lye.  
If thou know'st not where to dwell,  
See, the fier's by : *Farewell.*

*The end of his worke.*

PART of the worke remaines ; one part is past :  
And here my ship rides having Anchor cast.

*To Crowsne it.*

MY wearied Barke, O let it now be Crown'd !  
The Haven reacht to which I first was bound.

*On Himselfe.*

THE worke is done : young men and maidens, set  
Upon my curles the *Mirtle Coronet*,  
Washt with sweet ointments ; Thus at last I come  
To suffer in the Muses *Martyrdome* :  
But with this comfort, if my blood be shed,  
The Muses will weare blackes, when I am dead.

*The pillar of Fame.*

FAMES pillar here, at last, we set,  
 Out-during<sup>4</sup> *Marble, Brasse, or Jet,*  
 Charm'd and enchanted so,  
 As to withstand the blow,  
 Of overthrow,  
 Nor shall the seas,  
 Or OUTRAGES  
 Of storms orebear  
 What we up-rear :  
 Tho Kingdoms fal,  
 This pillar never shall  
 Decline or waste at all ;  
 But stand for ever by his owne  
 Firme and well - fixt foundation.<sup>5</sup>

TO his Book's end this last line he'd have plac't,  
*Jocond his Muse was ; but his Life was chast.*<sup>6</sup>

FINIS.

<sup>4</sup> =out-lasting.

<sup>5</sup> Horatian to the last is the bard Robert Herrick, concluding what he terms his *Works Human* with an imitation of

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius, &c.*

Horat. Ode ult. Lib. 3. N.

<sup>6</sup> On this couplet see Cartwright's stinging allusion in our Memorial-Introduction.



## NOTE.

The following Poems are gathered as so many fallen ‘Golden Apples’ of the Hesperides: hence my title. The source of each is given in its place. To Mr. W. C. Hazlitt belongs the credit of having been the first to print or re-print the whole of these save the last (Vol. II. pp. 433-447); but the first, “The Description of a Woman,” is taken from “Wit’s Recreations” (1640), with additions and corrections from the Ashmole MS. 38, page 88, Art. 109 (viz. ll. 47-50, 57-8, 63-76, 79-84, 103-4, 109-112, and ll. 15-16 (‘shew’ and ‘growe’ for ‘shown’ and ‘grown.’). A collation of the Ashmole MSS. and of the original books has corrected a great number of faulty readings, as well as given accurate references to the several places in the MSS. One poem (III) demanded very careful revision, being a mass of errors. On these Poems see our Memorial-Introduction, where it will be seen they are all-important biographically. The various readings of I. are also therein critically examined, along with others. Prefixed to it is a fac-simile of ‘the Woman’ from ‘Wit’s Recreations.’ Instead of the “6 or 8” mentioned by Mr. Hazlitt, it will be seen in our Memorial-Introduction that no fewer than 62 of the poems of “Hesperides” appeared originally in “Wit’s Recreations,” exclusive of “The Description of a Woman.” All this has hitherto been strangely overlooked by the Editors of Herrick and Bibliographers, and equally so that herein first appeared some of the choice poems of Crashaw, Milton, &c., &c. G.

# GOLDEN APPLES.



## I. *The Discription of a Woman.*<sup>1</sup>

**W**HOSE head befringèd with be-scatterèd  
tresses,  
I  
Shews like *Apolloes*, when the morn  
he dresses :

<sup>1</sup> From "Wit's Recreations" (1640) as in Note on page 90 and Ashmole M.S. 38, page 88, Art. 109.

Or like *Aurora* when with Pearle she sets  
 Her long disheveld Rose-crown'd Trammelets :<sup>2</sup>  
 Her forehead smooth, full polish'd, bright and high,  
 Bears in itself a gracefull Majesty ;  
 Under the which, two crawling eye-brows twine  
 Like to the tendrills of a flatt'ring Vine :  
 Under whose shade, two starry sparkling eyes  
 Are beautifi'd with faire fringd Canopies.      10  
 Her comely nose with uniformall grace,  
 Like purest white, stands in the middle place,  
 Parting the paire, as wee may well suppose,  
 Each cheek resembling still a damaske Rose :  
 Which like a Garden manifestly shew  
 How Roses, Lillies, and Carnations growe ;  
 Which sweetly mixèd both with white and red,  
 Like Rose leaves, white and redd, seem minglèd.  
 Then nature, for a sweet allurement sets  
 Two smelling, swelling, bashfull Cherrylets ;<sup>3</sup>      20  
 The which with ruby-rednesse being tip'd,  
 Do speake a Virgin, merry, Cherry-lip'd.  
 Over the which a neat sweet skin is drawne,  
 Which makes them shew like Roses under Lawne ;

<sup>2</sup> = nets for the hair. See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>3</sup> = diminutive of cherries.

These be the Ruby-portals, and divine,  
Which ope themselues, to shew a holy shrine,  
Whose breath is rich perfume, that to the sense  
Smells like the burn'd *Sabean* Frankinsense ;  
In which the tongue, though but a member small,  
Stands guarded with a Rosie-hilly-wall ;                   30  
And her white teeth, which in her gums are set,  
Like Pearl and Gold, make one rich Cabinet.  
Next doth her chin, with dimpled beauty strive  
For his white, plump, and smooth, prerogative ;  
At whose faire top, to please the sight there grows  
The fairest image of a blushing rose ;  
Mou'd by the chin, whose motion causeth this,  
That both her lips do part, do meet, do kiss,  
Her ears, which like two labyrinths are plac'd  
On eyther side, with rich rare Jewels grac'd :           40  
Mouing a question, whether that by them,  
The Jem is grac'd, or they grac'd by the Jem.  
But the foundation of the Architect  
Is the Swan-staining, faire, rare, stately neck,  
Which with ambitious humblenesse stands under,  
Bearing aloft this rich-round world of wunder.  
In which the veynes jmplanted, seeme to lye  
Lyke louing vines hidde vnder juorie ;  
So full of clarrett, that whosoe prickes this vine  
May see itt sprout forth streames lyke Muskadine.   50

Her breast, a place for beauties throne most fit,  
 Bears up two Globes, where love and pleasure sitt ;  
 Which, headed with two rich round Rubies, show  
 Like wanton Rose-buds growing out of Snow,  
 And in the milky valley that's between,  
 Sits *Cupid*, kissing of his mother Queen :  
 Ffingering the papps that feele like sleuèd<sup>5</sup> silke,  
 And prest a little, thay will weep pewr milke.  
 Then comes the belly, seated next below,  
 Like a faire mountain of *Riphean* snow ;                  60  
 Whear Nature, in a whitenesse without spot,  
 Hath in the middle tide a Gordian knott ;  
 Or else that she in that white waxen hill  
 Hath seald the primrose<sup>6</sup> of her vttmost skill ;  
 But now my muse hath spied a darke descent  
 Ffrom this soe pretious pearly permanent,<sup>7</sup>  
 A milkye highe-way that direction yelds  
 Vnto the port-mouth of the Elizean feilds :  
 A place desired of all, but gott by these  
 Whom loue admitts to the Hesperides ;                  70  
 Hers, goulden fruitt, that doth excede all price  
 Growing in this Loue-guarded parradice ;  
 Aboue the entrance, theire is wrighten this,  
*This is the portail to the bower of blisse,*

\* Soft changeable-coloured silk.

<sup>6</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>7</sup> Qu.—pavement ?

Through mid'st whearof, a christall streme there  
flowes

Passing the sweete-sweete of a muskie rose.

Now Loue invites me to survey hur thighes,  
Swelling in likenesse like to Crystall skyes,  
With plump softe flesh, of mettall pure and fine,  
Resembling sheildes, both pure and christaline.      80

Hence rise those two ambitious hills, that looke  
Jnto y<sup>e</sup> middle sweet sight-stealing crooke,  
Which for the better bewtifing shrowds  
Its humble selfe 'twixt two aspiring cloudes ;  
Which to the knees by nature fastned on,  
Deriuie their ever well 'greed motion.

Her legs with two clear calves, like siluer try'd,  
Kindly swell up, with little pretty pride,  
Leaving a distance for the comely small  
To beautifie the leg and foot withall.      90

Then lowly, yet most lovely stand the feet,  
Round, short and clear, lyke pounded Spices sweet ;  
And whatsoever thing they tread upon  
They make it scent like bruised Cinnamon.  
The lovely shoulders now allure the eye,  
To see two Tablets of pure ivorie :  
From which two arms like branches seem to spread,  
With tender vein'd and siluer colouerèd ;

With little hands and fingers long and small,  
To grace a Lute, a Violl, Virginall.

100

In length each finger doth his next excell,  
Each richly headed with a pearly shell ;

Richer then that fayre, pretious, vertuous horne<sup>8</sup> [than  
That armes the forehead of the unicorne.

Thus euery parte in contrariety  
Meet in the whole and make an harmony ;  
As divers strings do singly disagree,  
But form'd by Number, make sweet melodie.

Vnto the jdoll of the worke deuine  
J consecrate this louing life of myne,  
Bowing my lipps vnto that stately roote  
Wheare bewtye springs ; and thus j kiss (her) foote.<sup>9</sup>

110

## II. *Mr. Hericke his Daughters Dowrye.*<sup>1</sup>

ERE J goe hence and bee noe more  
Seene to the world, J'le giue the skore  
J owe vnto a female child,  
And that is this, a uerse jnstylde

<sup>8</sup> The horn of the (mythical) unicorn was endowed with mystic curative virtues.

<sup>9</sup> =The MS. is signed "Finis. Robt. Herrick."      <sup>1</sup> From the Ashmole MS. 38, p. 94, Art. 112.

My daughters dowrye ; haueing which,  
 J'le leauē thee then compleatly riche ;  
 Insteade of gould, pearle, rubies, bonds,  
 Longe forfaite pawnēd diamonds,  
 Or antique pledges, house or lande ;  
 J giue thee this that shall withstande      10  
 The blow of ruine and of chance :  
 Theis hurte not thyne jnheritance,  
 For 'tis ffee simple, and noe rent  
 Thou fortune ow'st for tenement ;  
 Howeuer after tymes will praise,  
 This portion, my prophetique bayes,  
 Cannot deliuer vpp to th' rust,  
 Yet J keepe peacefull in my dust.  
 As for thy birth, and better seeds  
 (Those which must growe to vertuous deeds :      20  
 Thou didst derive from that old steem <sup>2</sup>  
 Loue and Mercie, cherish them),  
 Which, like a vestall virgine ply  
 With holye fier, least that itt dye.  
 Growe vpp with mylder lawes<sup>3</sup> to knowe  
 Att what tyme to say I <sup>4</sup> or noe ;

<sup>2</sup> = stem : I have placed l. 21 before l. 20 of the MS., which is here evidently in error.      <sup>3</sup> i. e. under milder laws than those of the vestals.

<sup>4</sup> = ay.

Lett manners teach thee whear to bee  
 More comely flowing, where les free :  
 Theis bringe thy husband, like to those  
 Old coynes and meddalls wee expose                   30  
 To th' shew, but neuer part with ; next  
 As jn a more conspicuous text,  
 (Thy forehead) lett therin bee sign'd  
 The mayden candour <sup>5</sup> of thy mynde ;  
 And vnder it two chast-borne spyes  
 To barr out bolde adulteryes :  
 Ffor through these optickes, fly the darteres  
 Of lust, which sette on fier our harteres.  
 On eyther side of theis, quicke eares  
 Ther must bee plac'd, for seasoned feares,           40  
 Which sweeten loue, yett ne're come nigher  
 The plague of wilder jelousie.  
 Then lett each cheeke of thyne, intice  
 His soule as to a bedd of spice ;  
 Wheare hee may roule, and loose his sence :  
 As in a bedd of frankensence :  
 A lipp jnkyndlèd with that coale,  
 With which Loue chafes and warmes the soule,  
 Bringe to hym next,<sup>6</sup> and in it shew  
 Loues cherries ; from such fyers growe           50

<sup>5</sup> whiteness, purity.<sup>6</sup> The construction is ' Bring to him next a lip ' . . . .

And haue their haruest, which must stand  
 The gathering of the lipp, not hand ;  
 Then vnto theis, bee it thy care  
 To cloath thy words in gentle ayre,  
 That smooth as oyle, sweet, softe and cleane  
 As is the childish <sup>7</sup> bloome of beane,  
 They may fall downe and stroake (as the  
 Beames of the sunn the gracefull sea) :  
 With handes as smooth as mercies, bring  
 Hym for his better cherishing.<sup>8</sup>                                 60

That when thou doest his necke jnsnare,  
 Or with thy wrist, or fluttering hayre,  
 Hee may (a prisoner) ther discrye  
 Bondage more loued then lybertye ;                                 [than  
 A nature, soe well form'd, soe wrought,  
 To <sup>9</sup> calme and tempest, lett bee brought  
 With thee, that should hee but jnclyne  
 To roughnes, claspe hym lyke a vine ;  
 Or lyke as woole meetes steele, giue way  
 Vnto the passion, not to stay ;<sup>1</sup>                                     70

Wrath yf resisted ouer-boyles,  
 Jff not, it dyes, or eles recoyles ;

<sup>7</sup> =just sprouting.

<sup>8</sup> There seems some omission after this, and also, judging from the confusion, after 'sea' preceding.

<sup>9</sup> Miswritten 'Too.'      <sup>1</sup> i. e. do not attempt to oppose its stay.

And lastly, see you bring to hym,  
Somewhat peculiar to each lymm ;  
And j charge thee to bee knowne  
By n' other face, but by thyne owne.  
Lett itt (in Loues name) bee keept sleeke  
Yett to bee found when hee shall seeke  
Jt, and not jnstead of [to] saint,  
Giue vpp his worth vnto the painte ;  
Ffor (trust me girle) shee ouer-does  
Who by a double proxie woes ;  
But least j should forgett his bedd,  
Bee sure thou bringe a mayden-head,  
That is a Margarite,<sup>2</sup> which lost,  
Thou bring'st vnto his bedd a frost  
Or a colde poyson, which his blood  
Benummes like the forgetfull <sup>3</sup> floode.  
Now for some jewells to supplye  
The wante of eare-rings brauerye,  
Ffor publike eyes ; take onlye theis,  
Ne're broughte far beyonde the seas ;  
Theyre nobly-home-breed, yett haue price  
Beyound the fare-fetch <sup>4</sup> marchandize.  
Obedience, wise-distrust, peace, shey<sup>5</sup>  
Distance, and sweet vrbanitie :

<sup>2</sup> = pearl.     <sup>3</sup> = of Lethe.     <sup>4</sup> Miswritten 'fetch.'     <sup>5</sup> = shy.

Safe modestie, lou'd patience, feare  
 Of offending, temperance, deare  
 Constancie, bashfullnes, and all  
 The vertues lesse, or cardinall,  
 Take with my blessinge ; and goe forth  
 Jnjewelld with thy natue worthe.  
 And now yf ther a man bee founde,  
 That lookes for such preparèd grownd,  
 Lett hym, but with indifferent skill,  
 Soe good a soile bee-stocke and till ;  
 Hee may ere longe haue such a wyfe,  
 Nourish in's breast, a Tree of Life.

100

*Finis.* ROBT. HERICKE.

III. *Mr. Robert Hericke his Farwell vnto Poetrie.*<sup>6</sup>

I HAUE behelde two louers, in a night  
 Hatcht<sup>7</sup> o're with moone-shine, from their stolen  
 delight,—  
 When this to that, and that to this, had giuen  
 A kisse to such a jewell of the heuen :

<sup>6</sup> From the Ashmole MS. 38, p. 108, Art. 121. The MS. is a chaos of mispunctuation, and it is not improved by Mr. Hazlitt. An attempt has been made to rectify wrong words, and improving punctuation. See Memorial-Introduction specially.

<sup>7</sup> = engraved, inlaid.

Or while that each from other's breath did drincke  
 Healthes to the rose, the violet, or pinke,—  
 Call'd<sup>8</sup> on the suddayne by the jealouse mother,  
 Some strickter Mrs. or suspitious other,  
 Vrging diuorcement (woorse then death to theis) [than  
 By the soone gingling of some sleepy keyes,  
 Parte with a hastye kisse ; and in that shew  
 How stay thay would, yet forc't thay are to goe.  
 Euen such are wee : and in our parting, doe  
 Noc otherwise then as those former two ; [than  
 Natures like ours, wee who haue spent our tyme  
 Both from the morning to the euening chyme ;  
 Nay, till<sup>9</sup> the bell-man<sup>1</sup> of the night had tould  
 Past noone of night, yett weare<sup>2</sup> the howers not old,  
 Nor dull'd with yron sleeps, but haue out-worne  
 The fresh and fayrest flourish of the mome  
 With flame, and rapture ; drincking to the ode<sup>3</sup>  
 Number of wyne, which makes vs full with God,  
 And yn that mysticke frenzie, wee haue hurl'de,  
 (As with a tempeste) nature<sup>4</sup> through the worlde,  
 And yn a whirl-wynd twirl'd her home, agast  
 Att that which in her extasie had past ;

<sup>8</sup> The construction is Called &c. (l. 7) from their stolen delight.

<sup>9</sup> Miswritten 'tell.'      <sup>1</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.      <sup>2</sup> = were.

<sup>3</sup> = odd.—οἴνος and *vinum* both give 5 the number of perfection.

<sup>4</sup> i. e. our nature, our spirit.

Thus crownd with rose-budds, sacke, thou mad'st  
 mee flye  
 Like fier-drakes,<sup>5</sup> yett didst mee no harme therby.  
 O thou allmightye nature, who did'st giue  
 True heate, whearwith humanitie doth liue  
 Beyond its stinted<sup>6</sup> circle ; giueing foode  
 White fame,<sup>7</sup> and resurrection to the good ;  
 Soaring them vpp, boue ruyne, till the doome  
 The generall Aprill<sup>8</sup> of the worlde dothe come,  
 That makes all æquall. Manye thowsands should  
 (Wert not for thee) haue crumbled ynto mould,  
 And with thayr ceareclothes rotted, not to shew<sup>9</sup>  
 Whether the world such sperritts had or noe,  
 Whearas by thee, those, and a million since,  
 Nor fate, nor enuye, cann theyr fames conuince.<sup>1</sup>  
 Homer, Musæus, Ouid, Maro, more,  
 Of those god-full prophetts longe before  
 Helde<sup>2</sup> there<sup>3</sup> eternall fiers ; and ours of late  
 (Thy mercie helping) shall resist stronge fate,  
 Nor stoope to th' center, but suruiue as longe  
 As fame or rumour, hath or trumpe or tongue ;

<sup>5</sup> The ignis fatuus (plural).

<sup>6</sup> = stopped, i. e. confined.      <sup>7</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v. = good or happy, fame.      <sup>8</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.      <sup>9</sup> = so as not (or never) to shew.      <sup>1</sup> = overcome.

<sup>2</sup> Miswritten 'Holde.'      <sup>3</sup> = their.

But vnto mee, bee onlye hoarse, since now  
 (Heauen and my soule beare record of my vowe)  
 I, my desires screw from thee, and directe  
 Them and my thoughts to that sublim'd respecte  
 And conscience vnto priesthood ; tis not need  
 (The skarcrow vnto mankinde) that doth breed  
 Wiser conclusions in mee, since I knowe  
 I've more to beare my chardges,<sup>4</sup> then way to goe; [*than*  
 Or had I not, I'de stopp the spreading itch  
 Off craueing more : soe yn conceipt bee ritch ; [of  
 But tis the god of nature who yntends,  
 And shaps my function for more glorious ends :  
 Kisse,<sup>5</sup> soe departe; yett stay awhile to<sup>6</sup> see  
 The lines of sorrowe, that lye drawne in mee  
 Yn speach, in picture ; noe otherwise then when, [*than*  
 (Judgment and death, denounc'd against guilty men),  
 Each takes a weeping farewell, rackt in mynde  
 With joyes before, and pleasures left behind :  
 Shakeing the head, whilst each to each dothe mourne  
 With thought thay goe, whence thay must ner  
 returne.

Soe with like lookes, as once the ministrell  
 Cast, leading his Euredice through hell,

<sup>4</sup> Miswritten 'I am . . . . chadge : '—I have more [money] to bear my chardges than I have road to travel.      <sup>5</sup> Miswritten 'Guesse.'      <sup>6</sup> Again miswritten 'too.'

I stricke thy loues, and greedyly persue  
 Thee, with myne eyes, or in, or out, of view.  
 Soe look't the Grecian oratour when sent  
 Ffroms natvie cuntrye, into banishment,  
 Throwing his eye-balls backward to suruaye  
 The smoake of his belouèd Attica :<sup>7</sup>  
 Soe Tullye <sup>8</sup> look't, when from the brooks of Rome  
 The sad soule went, not with his loue, but doome :  
 Shooting his eye-darts 'gainst it, to surprise  
 Yt, or to drawe the cittie to his eyes.  
 Such is my parting with thee ; and to proue  
 Ther was not varnish (only) in my loue,  
 But substance, lo ! receauue this pearlye teare  
 Ffrozen with greife, and place it in thyne eare,  
 Then parte in name of peace ; and softly on  
 With numerous <sup>9</sup> feete to Hoofy <sup>1</sup> Helicon ;  
 And when thou art vpon that sacred hill  
 Amongest the thrice three sacred virgins, fill  
 A full brimm'd bowle of furye and of rage,  
 And quafe it to the prophets of our age ;  
 When drunck with rapture, curse the blind and lame  
 Base ballad-mongers, who vsurpe thy name  
 And fowle thy altar ; charme some ynto froggs,  
 Some to bee ratts, and others to bee hoggs ;

<sup>7</sup> Demosthenes.<sup>8</sup> Cicero.<sup>9</sup> = rythmical.<sup>1</sup> = alluding to Pegasus.

Ynto the loathsoms [t] shapps thou canst deuise  
 To make ffooles hate them, onlye by disguise ;  
 Thus with a kisse of warmth, and loue, I parte  
 Not soe, but that some relique yn my harte  
 Shall stand for euer, though I doe addresse  
 Chiefelye my selfe to what I must proffess :  
 Knowe yet (rare soule) when my diuiner muse  
 Shall want a hand-mayde (as she ofte will vse),<sup>2</sup>  
 Bee readye, thou for mee, to wayte vpon her,  
 Thoughe as a seruant, yet a mayde of honor.  
 The crowne of dutye is our dutye : well  
 Doing's, the fruite of doinge well. Farewell.

*Fimis.* MR. ROBT. HERRICKE.

IV. *A Charroll presented to Dr. Williams, Bp. of Lincolne, as a Newyears Gifft.*<sup>3</sup>

HEY hence, pale Care, noe more remember  
 Past sorrowes with the fled December,  
 But let each plesant cheeke appeare  
 Smooth as the childhood of the yeare,  
 And sing a carroll here.

<sup>2</sup> =use to want.      <sup>3</sup> From Ashmole MS. 36, 298. See Memorial-Introduction and also poem to this Bishop, Vol. I. p. 88.

'Twas braue, 'twas braue could we comand the hand  
Of Youths swift watch to stand  
As you haue done your day ;  
Then should we not decay,  
But all we wither, & our light  
Is spilt in euerlasting night,  
When as your sight  
Shewes like the heavens aboue y<sup>e</sup> moone  
Like an eternall noone,  
That sees no setting sunn.

Keepe vp those flames, & though you shroud  
Awhile your forehead in a cloude,  
Doe it like the sun to write  
I'th ayre, a greater text of light ;  
Welcome to all our vowes,  
And since you pay  
To vs the day  
Soe longe desir'd,  
See we haue fyrd  
Our holy spicknard, and ther's none  
But brings his stick of cynamon,  
His eager eye, or smoother smyle ;  
And layes it gently on the pyle,  
Which thus enkindled, we invoke  
Your name amidst the sacred smoke.

*Chorus.* Come then, greate Lord,  
 And see our Alter burne  
 With love of your returne,  
 And not a man here but consumes  
 His soule to glad you in perfumes.

ROB : HERRICK.

V. Song. *His Mistris to him at his Farewell.<sup>4</sup>*

YOU may vow Ile not forgett  
 To pay the debt,  
 Which to thy Memorie stands as due  
 As faith can seale It you :  
 Take then tribute of my teares,  
 So long as I haue feares  
 To prompt mee, I shall euer  
 Languish and looke, but thy returne see neuer :  
 Oh then to lessen my dispaire,  
 Print thy lips Into the ayre,  
 So by this  
 Meanes, I may kisse thy kisse,  
 whenas some kinde  
 winde  
 shall hither waft it ; and In leiw,  
 My lipps shall send a 1000 back to you.

Ro : HERRICK.

<sup>4</sup> From Additional MS. Br. Mus. 11,811, fol. 37.

VI. *Vpon Parting*.<sup>5</sup>

GOE hence away, and in thy parting know  
 'tis not my voice, but heauens that bidds thee  
 goe ;  
 Spring hence thy faith, nor thinke it ill desart  
 I finde in thee, that makes me thus to part.  
 But voice of fame, and voice of heauen haue thunderd  
 we both were lost, if both of us not sunderd :  
 fould now thine armes, and in thy last looke reare  
 one Sighe of loue, and coole it with a teare :  
 since part we must, let's kisse ; that done, retire  
 with as cold frost, as erst we mett with fire ;  
 with such white vowes as fate can nere dissever  
 but truth knitt fast ; and so farewell for euer.

R : HERRICK.

VII. *Upon Master Fletchers Incomparable Playes*.<sup>6</sup>

A POLLO sings, his harpe resounds : give roome,  
 For now behold the golden Pompe is come,  
 Thy Pompe of playes, which thousands come to see,  
 With admiration both of them and thee.

<sup>5</sup> From Harleian MS. 6,917, fol. 82 back.

<sup>6</sup> From Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647 : and in Beaumont's poems, 1653. See Dyce, Vol. I. p. xlvi. In the original all in italic : names of the Plays Roman except *Love lyes a Bleeding*, which is in italic.

O Volume worthy, leafe by leafe, and cover,  
 To be with juice of Cedar <sup>7</sup> wash't all over ;  
 Here's words with lines, and lines with scenes consent,  
 To raiſe an Act to full astonishment ;  
 Here melting numbers, words of power to move  
 Young men to swoone, and Maides to dye for love.  
*Love lyes a bleeding here, Evadne, there*  
 Swells with brave rage, yet comely every where ;  
 Here's a *mad lover*, there that high designe  
 Of *King and no King*, (and the rare Plott thine.)  
 So that whene'ere wec circumvolve <sup>8</sup> our Eyes,  
 Such rich, such fresh, such sweet varietyes,  
 Ravish our spirits, that entranc't wee see  
 None writes lov's passion in the world, like thee.

ROBERT HERRICK.

VIII. *THE NEW CHARON,*  
*Upon the Death of Henry Lord Hastings.<sup>9</sup>*

*The Musical part being set by M. Henry Lawes.*

The Speakers,  
*Charon and Eucosmeia.*

*Euc.* C HARON, O Charon, draw thy Boat to th' Shore,  
 And to thy many, take in one soul more.

<sup>7</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>8</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>9</sup> From "Lachrymæ Musarum." The Tears of the Muses : ex-  
 prest in Elegies written by divers persons of Nobility and Worth.

*Cha.* Who calls? who calls? *Euc.* One overwhelm'd  
with ruth;

Have pity either on my tears or Youth,  
And take me in, who am in deep Distress;  
But first cast off thy wonted Churlishnes.

*Cha.* I will be gentle as that Air which yeelds  
A breath of Balm along th' *Elizean* fields.  
Speak, what art thou? *Euc.* One, once that  
had a lover, [than  
Then which, thy self ne'er wafted sweeter over.  
He was— *Cha.* Say what. *Euc.* Ay me, my  
woes are deep.

*Cha.* Prethee relate, while I give ear and weep.

*Euc.* He was an *Hastings*; and that one Name has  
In it all good, that is, and ever was.  
He was my Life, my Love, my Joy; but di'd  
Some hours before I shou'd have been his Bride.

Chorus. *Thus, thus the gods celestial still decree,*  
*For Humane Joy, Contingent Misery.*

*Euc.* The hallowed Tapers all preparèd were,  
And *Hymen* call'd to bleſs the Rites. *Cha.* Stop  
there.

upon the death of the most hopefull Henry, Lord Hastings," &c.  
Collected and set forth by R[ichard] B[rome]. Lond. 1649, 8vo.  
pp. 38-9. See Memorial-Introduction on this in (probable) relation  
to his "Charon and Nightingale." As being printed (not MS.) the  
Roman and Italic intermixture of types has not been reproduced.

*Euc.* Great are my woes. *Cha.* And great must that  
Grief be,

That makes grim *Charon* thus to pity thee.

But now come in. *Euc.* More let me yet relate.

*Cha.* I cannot stay ; more souls for waftage wait,  
And I must hence. *Euc.* Yet let me thus much  
know,

Departing hence, where Good and Bad souls go.

*Cha.* Those souls which ne'er were drencht in plea-  
sures stream,

The Fields of *Pluto* are reserv'd for them ;  
Where, drest with garlands, there they walk  
the ground,

Whose blessèd Youth with endless flow'rs is  
crown'd.

But such as have been drown'd in this wilde sea,  
For those is kept the Gulf of Hecatè ;

Where, with their own contagion they are fed ;  
And there do punish, and are punishèd.

This known, the rest of thy sad story tell,  
When on the Flood that nine times circles Hell.

Chorus. *We sail along, to visit mortals never ;*  
*But there to live, where Love shall last for ever.*

ROB. HERRICKE.

IX. *Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles  
& his wife in the South Aisle of Dean  
Prior Church, Devon.*<sup>10</sup>

NO trust to Metals nor to Marbles, when  
These have their Fate, and wear away at Men ;  
Times, Titles, Trophies, may be lost and Spent ;  
But Virtue Rears the eternal Monument. [Pay ?  
What more than these can Tombs or Tomb-stones !  
But here's the Sun-set of a Tediouf day :  
These Two asleep are : I'll but be Vndrest  
And so to Bed : Pray wish us all Good Rest.

<sup>10</sup> See Memorial-Introduction on this hitherto inedited Epitaph.





#### NOTE.

It will be observed that the ‘Noble Numbers’ is dated 1647, which was doubtless 1647-8; and from the close of the ‘Hesperides’ it would seem Herrick intended ‘Noble Numbers’ to be prefixed, not affixed, thereto. See Memorial-Introduction for more on this. G.

HIS  
NOBLE NUMBERS:  
OR,  
HIS PIOUS PIECES,

Wherein (amongst other things)

He sings the Birth of his CHRIST:  
and sighes for his Saviours suffe-  
ring on the *Crosse*.

---

HESIOD.

Ίδμεν ψεύδεα πολλὰ λέγειν ἐπύμοισιν ὁμοῖα.  
Ίδμεν δ' εὗτ' ἐθέλωμεν, ἀληθέα μυθήσασθαι.

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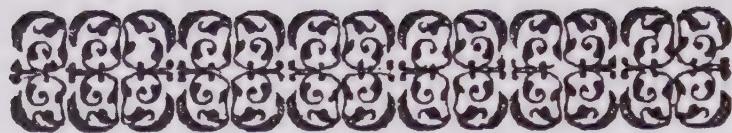
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LONDON.

Printed for John Williams, and Francis Eglesfield.

1647.





HIS  
NOBLE NUMBERS :  
OR,  
HIS PIOUS PIECES.

*His Confession.*

OOK how our foule Dayes do exceed  
our faire ;  
And as our bad, more then our good  
Works are, [than  
Ev'n so those Lines, pen'd by my wanton Wit,  
Treble the number of these good I've writ.  
Things precious are least num'rous : Men are prone  
To do ten Bad, for one Good Action.

*His Prayer for Absolution.*

FOR Those my unbaptizèd Rhimes,  
Writ in my wild unhallowéd Times ;<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See Memorial-Introduction ; but 'unhallowed' here is simply = lay as opposed to clerical.

For every sentence, clause, and word,  
 That's not inlaid with Thee, (my Lord)  
 Forgive me, God, and blot each Line  
 Out of my Book, that is not Thine.  
 But if, 'mongst all, Thou find'st here one  
 Worthy thy Benediction ;  
 That One of all the rest, shall be  
 The Glory of my Work, and Me.

*To finde God.*

WEIGH me the Fire ; or canst thou find  
 A way to measure out the Wind ;  
 Distinguish all those Floods that are  
 Mixt in the watrie Theater ;  
 And tast thou them as saltlesse there,  
 As in their Channell first they were.  
 Tell me the People that do keep  
 Within the Kingdomes of the Deep ;  
 Or fetch me back that Cloud againe,  
 Beshiver'd <sup>2</sup> into seeds of Raine ;  
 Tell me the motes, dust, sands, and speares <sup>3</sup>  
 Of Corn, when Summer shakes his eares ;

<sup>2</sup> = all or wholly shivered.

<sup>3</sup> = spires or heads.

Shew me that world of Starres, and whence  
 They noiselesse spill their Influence :  
 This if thou canst ; then shew me Him  
 That rides the glorious *Cherubim*.<sup>4</sup>

*What God is.*

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,  
 And is the best known, not defining Him.

*Upon God.*

GOD is not onely said to be  
 An *Ens*, but *Supraentitie*.<sup>5</sup>

*Mercy and Love.*

GOD hath two wings, which He doth ever move,  
 The one is Mercy, and the next is Love :  
 Under the first the Sinners ever trust ;  
 And with the last he still directs the Just.

*Gods Anger without Affection.*

GOD when He's angry here with any one,  
 His wrath is free from perturbation ;  
 And when we think His looks are sowre and grim,  
 The alteration is in us, not Him.

<sup>4</sup> Psalm lxviii. 4, 33.

<sup>5</sup> = above Being.

*God not to be comprehended.*

'T IS hard to finde God, but to comprehend  
Him, as He is, is labour without end.

*Gods part.*

P RAYERS and Praises are those spotlesse two  
Lambs, by the Law, which God requires as due.<sup>6</sup>

*Affliction.*

G OD n'ere afflicts us more then our desert, [than  
Though He may seem to over-act His part :  
Somtimes He strikes us more then flesh can beare ;  
But yet still lesse then Grace can suffer here.

*Three fatall Sisters.*

T HREE fatall Sisters wait upon each sin ;  
First, Fear and Shame without, then Guilt within.

*Silence.*

S UFFER thy legs, but not thy tongue to walk :  
God, the most Wise, is sparing of His talk.

<sup>6</sup> The cleansing sacrifice. Cf. Numbers xxviii. 3 and 9, with Leviticus xiv. 10.

*Mirth.*

**T**RUE mirth resides not in the smiling skin :  
The sweetest solace is to act no sin.

*Loading and unloading.*

**G**OD loads, and unloads, (thus His work begins)  
To load with blessings, and unload from sins.

*Gods Mercy.*

**G**ODS boundlesse mercy is (to sinfull man)  
Like to the ever-wealthy Ocean :  
Which though it sends forth thousand streams, 'tis  
ne're  
Known, or els seen to be the emptier ;  
And though it takes all in, 'tis yet no more  
Full, and fild-full,<sup>7</sup> then when full-fild before. [than]

*Prayers must have Poise.*

**G**OD He rejects all Prayers that are sleight,  
And want their Poise : words ought to have  
their weight.

<sup>7</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

*To God : an Anthem, sung in the Chappell at  
White-Hall, before the King.*

- Verse.* MY God, I'm wounded by my sin,  
And sore without, and sick within :
- Ver. Chor.* I come to Thee, in hope to find  
Salve for my body, and my mind.
- Verse.* In Gilead though no Balme be found,  
To ease this smart, or cure this wound ;
- Ver. Chor.* Yet, Lord, I know there is with Thee  
All saving health, and help for me.
- Verse.* Then reach Thou forth that hand of  
Thine,  
That powres in oyle, as well as wine.
- Ver. Chor.* And let it work, for I'le endure  
The utmost smart, so Thou wilt cure.

*Upon God.*

GOD is all fore-part ; for, we never see  
Any part backward in the Deitie.

*Calling, and correcting.*

GOD is not onely mercifull, to call,  
Men to repent, but when He strikes withall.

*No Escaping the scourging.*

GOD scourgeth some severely, some He spares ;  
But all in smart have lesse, or greater shares.

*The Rod.*

GODS Rod doth watch while men do sleep, &  
then

The Rod doth sleep, while vigilant are men.

*God has a twofold part.*

GOD when for sin He makes His Children smart,  
His own He acts not, but anothers part :  
But when by stripes He saves them, then 'tis known,  
He comes to play the part that is His own.

*God is One.*

GOD, as He is most Holy knowne ;  
So He is said to be most One.

*Persecutions profitable.*

AFFLICTIONS they most profitable are  
To the beholder, and the sufferer :  
Bettering them both, but by a double straine,  
The first by patience, and the last by paine.

*To God.*

DO with me, God ! as Thou didst deal with *John*,  
(Who writ that heavenly *Revelation*) ;

Let me (like him) first cracks of thunder heare ;  
 Then let the Harps enchantments strike mine eare ;  
 Here give me thornes ; there, in thy Kingdome, set  
 Upon my head the golden coronet ;  
 There give me day ; but here my dreadfull night :  
 My sackcloth here ; but there my *Stole* of white.

*Whips.*

GOD has His whips here to a twofold end,  
 The bad to punish, and the good t'amend.

*Gods Providence.*

If all transgressions here should have their pay,  
 What need there then be of a reckning day?  
 If God should punish no sin, here, of men,  
 His Providence who would not question then ?

*Temptation.*

THOSE Saints, which God loves best,  
 The Devill tempts not least.

*His Ejaculation to God.*

MY God ! looke on me with Thine eye  
 Of pittie, not of scrutinie ;  
 For if Thou dost, Thou then shalt see  
 Nothing but loathsome sores in mee.

---

O then ! for mercies sake, behold  
These my <sup>8</sup>irruptions manifold ;  
And heale me with Thy looke, or touch :  
But if Thou wilt not deigne so much,  
Because I'm odious in Thy sight,  
Speak but the word, and cure me quite.

*Gods gifts not soone granted.*

GOD heares us when we pray, but yet defers  
His gifts, to exercise Petitioners :  
And though awhile He makes Requesters stay,  
With Princely hand He'l recompence delay.

*Persecutions purifie.*

GOD strikes His Church, but 'tis to this intent,  
To make, not marre her, by this punishment :  
So where He gives the bitter Pills, be sure,  
'Tis not to poysen, but to make thee pure.

*Pardon.*

GOD pardons those, who do through frailty sin ;  
But never those that persevere therein.

<sup>8</sup>. = eruptions.

*An Ode of the Birth of our Saviour.*

1. IN Numbers, and but these few,  
I sing Thy Birth, Oh JESU !  
Thou prettie Babie, borne here,  
With sup'r abundant scorn here :  
Who for Thy Princely Port here,  
Hadst for Thy place  
Of Birth, a base  
Out-stable for thy Court here.
2. Instead of neat Inclosures  
Of inter-woven Osiers ;<sup>9</sup>  
Instead of fragrant Posies  
Of Daffadills, and Roses ;  
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
As Gospell tells,  
Was nothing els,  
But, here, a homely manger.
3. But we with Silks, (not Cruells,<sup>10</sup>)  
With sundry precious Jewells,  
And Lilly-work will dresse Thee ;  
And as we dispossesse Thee

<sup>9</sup> = cradles.<sup>10</sup> =worsted used for fancy needle-work.

Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,  
 Sweet Babe, for Thee,  
 Of Ivorie,  
 And plaister'd round with Amber.

4. The Jewes they did disdaine Thee,  
 But we will entertaine Thee  
 With Glories to await here  
 Upon Thy Princely State here,  
 And more for love, then pittie. [than]  
 From yeere to yeere  
 Wee'l make Thee, here,  
 A Free-born of our Citie.

*Lip-labour.*

IN the old Scripture I have often read,  
 The calfe without meale n'ere was offerèd ;  
 To figure to us, nothing more then this, [than]  
 Without the heart, lip-labour nothing is.

*The Heart.*

IN Prayer the Lips ne're act the winning part,  
 Without the sweet concurrence of the Heart.

*Eare-rings.*

WHY wore th' Egyptians Jewells in the Eare?

But for to teach us, all the grace is there,  
When we obey, by acting what we heare.

*Sin seen.*

WHEN once the sin has fully acted been,  
Then is the horror of the trespass seen.

*Upon Time.*

TIME was upon  
The wing, to flie away ;  
And I cal'd on  
Him but awhile to stay ;  
But he'd be gone,  
For ought that I could say.

He held out then,  
A Writing, as he went ;  
And askt me, when  
False man would be content  
To pay agen,  
What God and Nature lent.

An houre-glasse,  
 In which were sands but few,  
     As he did passe,  
 He shew'd and told me too,  
     Mine end near was,  
 And so away he flew.

*His Petition.*

**I**F warre, or want shall make me grow so poore,  
 As for to beg my bread from doore to doore ;  
 Lord ! let me never act that beggars part,  
 Who hath Thee in his mouth, not in his heart.<sup>1</sup>  
 He who asks almes in that so sacred Name,  
 Without due reverence, playes the cheaters game.

*To God.*

**T**HOU hast promis'd, Lord, to be  
 With me in my miserie ;  
 Suffer me to be so bold,  
 As to speak, Lord, say and hold.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Ezekiel xxxiii. 31.

<sup>2</sup> Apparently a known and proverbial phrase = say and hold to it, i. e. perform thy promise.

*His Letanie, to the Holy Spirit.*

1. IN the hour of my distresse,  
When temptations me oppresse,  
And when I my sins confesse,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
  
2. When I lie within my bed,  
Sick in heart and sick in head,  
And with doubts discomfited,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
  
3. When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drown'd in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
  
4. When the artlesse<sup>3</sup> Doctor sees  
No one hope, but of his Fees,  
And his skill runs on the lees ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
  
5. When his Potion and his Pill,  
Has, or none, or little skill,  
Meet for nothing, but to kill ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !

<sup>3</sup> = unskilful. See Memorial-Introduction on this (II. Critical).

- 
6. When the passing-bell doth tolē,  
And the Furies in a shole  
Come to fright a parting soule ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
7. When the tapers now burne blew,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more then true ;<sup>4</sup> [than  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
8. When the Priest his last hath praid,  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decaid ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
9. When (God knowes) I'm toss'd about,  
Either with despaire, or doubt ;  
Yet before the glasse be out,  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !
10. When the Tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,  
And halfe damns me with untruth ;  
Sweet Spirit comfort me !

\* = and when the few that gather around me are not all true friends or comforters.

11. When the flames and hellish cries  
 Fright mine eares, and fright mine eyes,  
 And all terrors me surprize ;  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me !

12. When the Judgment is reveal'd,  
 And that open'd which was seal'd,  
 When to Thee I have appeal'd ;  
 Sweet Spirit comfort me !

*Thanksgiving.*

THANKSGIVING for a former, doth invite  
 God to bestow a second benefit.

*Cock-crow.*

BELL-MAN of Night,<sup>5</sup> if I about shall go  
 For to denie my Master, do thou crow.  
 Thou stop'st S. *Peter* in the midst of sin ;  
 Stay me, by crowing, ere I do begin ;  
 Better it is, premonish'd, for to shun  
 A sin, then fall to weeping when 'tis done.      [*than*

<sup>5</sup> The cock. So Spenser :

— “ Bell-man of the night,  
 The bird that warnèd Peter of his fall.” *Fairy Queen.*

*All Things run well for the Righteous.*

A DVERSE and prosperous Fortunes both work on  
Here, for the righteous mans salvation :  
Be he oppos'd, or be he not withstood,  
All serve to th' Augmentation of his good.

*Paine ends in Pleasure.*

A FFILCTIONS bring us joy in times to come,  
When sins, by stripes, to us grow wearisome.

*To God.*

I 'LE come, I 'le creep, (though Thou dost threat,)  
Humbly unto Thy Mercy-seat :  
When I am there, this then I 'le do,  
Give Thee a Dart, and Dagger too ;  
Next, when I have my faults confess,  
Naked I 'le shew a sighing brest ;  
Which if that can't Thy pittie wooe,  
Then let Thy Justice do the rest,  
And strike it through.

*A Thanksgiving to God, for His House.*

L ORD, Thou hast given me a cell  
Wherein to dwell ;

A little house, whose humble Roof  
     Is weather-proof ;  
 Under the sparres of which I lie  
     Both soft, and drie ;  
 Where Thou my chamber for to ward  
     Hast set a Guard  
 Of harmlesse thoughts, to watch and keep  
     Me, while I sleep.  
 Low is my porch, as is my Fate,  
     Both void of state ;  
 And yet the threshold of my doore  
     Is worn by th' poore,  
 Who thither come, and freely get  
     Good words, or meat :  
 Likeas my Parlour, so my Hall  
     And Kitchin's small :  
 A little Butterie, and therein  
     A little Byn,  
 Which keeps my little loafe of Bread  
     Unchipt, unflead :<sup>6</sup>  
 Some brittle sticks of Thorne or Briar  
     Make me a fire,  
 Close by whose living coale I sit,  
     And glow like it.

<sup>6</sup> Probably = good, undamaged by mould, &c. Halliwell has 'fled' as a Shropshire word.

Lord, I confesse too, when I dine,  
     The Pulse is Thine,  
 And all those other Bits, that bee  
     There plac'd by Thee ;  
 The Worts,<sup>7</sup> the Purslain,<sup>8</sup> and the Messe  
     Of water-cresse,  
 Which of Thy kindnesse Thou hast sent ;  
     And my content  
 Makes those, and my belovèd Beet,  
     To be more sweet.  
 'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering Hearth  
     With guiltlesse mirth ;  
 And giv'st me Wassail Bowles to drink,  
     Spic'd to the brink.  
 Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand,  
     That soiles<sup>9</sup> my land ;  
 And giv'st me, for my Bushell sowne,  
     Twice ten for one :  
 Thou mak'st my teeming Hen to lay  
     Her egg each day :  
 Besides my healthfull Ewes to beare  
     Me twins each yeare :  
 The while the conduits of my Kine  
     Run Creame, (for Wine.)

<sup>7</sup> =cabbage.     <sup>8</sup> A kind of sallad. See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>9</sup> =manures.

All these, and better Thou dost send  
    Me, to this end,  
That I should render, for my part,  
    A thankfull heart ;  
Which, fir'd with incense, I resigne,  
    As wholly Thine ;  
But the acceptance, that must be,  
    My Christ, by Thee.

*To God.*

M AKE, make me Thine, my gracious God,  
    Or with Thy staffe, or with Thy rod ;  
And be the blow too what it will,  
    Lord, I will kisse it, though it kill :  
Beat me, bruise me, rack me, rend me,  
    Yet, in torments, I'le commend Thee :  
Examine me with fire, and prove me  
    To the full, yet I will love Thee :  
Nor shalt Thou give so deep a wound,  
    But I as patient will be found.

*Another, to God.*

L ORD, do not beat me,  
    Since I do sob and crie,  
And swowne away to die,

Ere Thou dost threat me.  
 Lord, do not scourge me,  
 If I by lies and oaths  
 Have soil'd my selfe, or cloaths,  
 But rather purge me.

*None truly happy here.*

HAPPY'S that man, to whom God gives  
 A stock of Goods, whereby he lives  
 Neer to the wishes of his heart :  
 No man is blest through ev'ry part.

*To his ever-loving God.*

CAN I not come to Thee, my God, for these  
 So very-many-meeting hindrances,  
 That slack my pace ; but yet not make me stay ?  
 Who slowly goes, rids<sup>1</sup> (in the end) his way.  
 Cleere Thou my paths, or shorten Thou my miles,  
 Remove the barrs, or lift me o're the stiles :  
 Since rough the way is, help me when I call,  
 And take me up ; or els prevent the fall.  
 I kenn<sup>2</sup> my home ; and it affords some ease,  
 To see far off the smoaking Villages.

<sup>1</sup> = gets rid or clear of his way, i. e. finishes his journey.

<sup>2</sup> = know.

---

Fain would I rest ; yet covet not to die,  
For feare of future-biting penurie :  
No, no, (my God) Thou know'st my wishes be  
To leave this life, not loving it, but Thee.

*Another.*

THOU bidst me come ; I cannot come ; for why,  
Thou dwel'st aloft, and I want wings to flie.  
To mount my Soule, she must have pineons given ;  
For, 'tis no easie way from Earth to Heaven.

*To Death.*

THOU bidst me come away,  
And I'le no longer stay,  
Then for to shed some teares [than  
For faults of former yeares ;  
And to repent some crimes,  
Done in the present times :  
And next, to take a bit  
Of Bread, and Wine with it :  
To d'on my robes of love,  
Fit for the place above ;  
To gird my loynes about  
With charity throughout ;

And so to travaile hence  
 With feet of innocence :  
 These done, I'le onely crie  
*God mercy* ; and so die.

*Neutrality loathsome.*

**G**OD will have all, or none ; serve Him, or fall  
 Down before *Baal, Bel, or Belial* :  
 Either be hot, or cold : God doth despise,  
 Abhorre, and spew out all Neutralities.<sup>3</sup>

*Welcome what comes.*

**W**HATEVER comes, let's be content withall :  
 Among God's Blessings, there is no one small.

*To his angrie God.*

**T**HROUGH all the night  
 Thou dost me fright,  
 And hold'st mine eyes from sleeping ;  
 And day, by day,  
 My Cup can say,  
 My wine is mixt with weeping.

Thou dost my bread  
 With ashes knead,  
 Each evening and each morrow :

<sup>3</sup> Revelation, c. iii. v. 16.

Mine eye and eare  
Do see, and heare  
The coming in of sorrow.

Thy scourge of steele,  
(Ay me !) I feele,  
Upon me beating ever :  
While my sick heart  
With dismal smart  
Is disacquainted never.

Long, long, I'm sure,  
This can't endure ;  
But in short time 'twill please Thee,  
My gentle God,  
To burn the rod,  
Or strike so as to ease me.

*Patience, or Comforts in Crosses.*

A BUNDANT plagues I late have had,  
Yet none of these have made me sad  
For why, my Saviour, with the sense  
Of suffring gives me patience.

*Eternitie.*

1. O YEARES ! and Age ! Farewell :  
Behold I go,

Where I do know  
Infinitie to dwell.

2. And these mine eyes shall see  
All times, how they  
Are lost i' th' Sea  
Of vast Eternitie.
3. Where never Moone shall sway  
The Starres ; but she,  
And Night, shall be  
Drown'd in one endlesse Day.

*To his Saviour, a Child ; a Present, by a child.*

**G**O prettie child, and beare this Flower  
Unto thy little Saviour ;  
And tell Him, by that Bud now blown,  
He is the *Rose of Sharon* known :  
When thou hast said so, stick it there  
Upon His Bibb, or Stomacher :  
And tell Him, (for good handsell <sup>4</sup> too)  
That thou hast brought a Whistle new,  
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,  
To charme His cries, (at time of need :)

<sup>4</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

Tell Him, for Corall, thou hast none ;  
 But if thou hadst, He sho'd have one ;  
 But poore thou art, and knowne to be  
 Even as monilesse, as He.  
 Lastly, if thou canst win a kisse  
 From those mellifluous lips of His ;  
 Then never take a second on,  
 To spoile the first impression.

*The New-yeeres Gift.*

LET others looke for Pearle and Gold,  
 Tissues, or Tabbies<sup>5</sup> manifold :  
 One onely lock of that sweet Hay  
 Whereon the blessed Babie lay,  
 Or one poore Swadling-clout, shall be  
 The richest New-yeeres Gift to me.

*To God.*

IF any thing delight me for to print  
 My Book, 'tis this ; that, *Thou, my God, art in't.*

*God, and the King.*

HOW am I bound to Two ! God, who doth give  
 The mind ; the King, the meanes whereby I live.

<sup>5</sup> =kind of thick-threaded silk watered by presses. See Glossarial Index s. v : cloth, called 'tabby : ' and we still have 'tabinet : ' qu.—as resembling the smooth coat of a cat 'Tabby.'

*Gods mirth, Mans mourning.*

WHERE God is merry, there write down thy  
fears :

What He with laughter speaks, heare thou with tears.

*Honours are hindrances.*

GIVE me Honours ! what are these,  
But the pleasing hindrances ?  
Stiles, and stops, and stayes, that come  
In the way 'twixt me, and home :  
Cleer the walk, and then shall I  
To my heaven lesse run, then flie. [than]

*The Parasceve, or Preparation.*

TO a Love-Feast we both invited are :  
The figur'd Damask, or pure Diaper,<sup>6</sup>  
Over the golden Altar now is spread,  
With Bread, and Wine, and Vessells furnishèd ;  
The *sacred Towell*, and the *holy Eure*<sup>7</sup> ;  
Are ready by, to make the Guests all pure :  
Let's go (my *Alma*)<sup>8</sup> yet, e're we receive,  
Fit, fit it is, we have our *Parasceve*.<sup>9</sup>  
Who to that *sweet Bread* unprepar'd doth come,  
Better he starv'd, then but to tast one crumme. [than]

<sup>6</sup> =figured linen. See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>7</sup> =flagon.      <sup>8</sup> =pure one, virgin.      <sup>9</sup> =preparation.

*To God.*

GOD gives not onely corne, for need,  
 But likewise sup'rabundant seed ;  
 Bread for our service, bread for shew ;  
 Meat for our meales, and fragments too :  
 He gives not poorly, taking some  
 Between the finger, and the thumb ;  
 But, for our glut, and for our store,  
 Fine flowre prest down, and running o're.

*A will to be working.*

ALTHOUGH we cannot turne the fervent fit  
 Of sin, we must strive 'gainst the stremme of it :  
 And howso'e're we have the conquest mist ;  
 'Tis for our glory, that we did resist.

*Christ's part.*

CHRIST, He requires still, wheresoere He comes,  
 To feed, or lodge, to have the best of Roomes :  
 Give Him the choice ; grant Him the nobler part  
 Of all the House : the best of all's the Heart.

*Riches and Poverty.*

GOD co'd have made all rich, or all men poore ;  
 But why He did not, let me tell wherefore :

Had all been rich, where then had Patience been ?  
 Had all been poore, who had His Bounty seen ?

*Sobriety in Search.*

**T**O seek of God <sup>1</sup> more then we well can find, [than  
 Argues a strong distemper of the mind.

*Almes.*

**G**IVE, if thou canst, an Almes ; if not, afford,  
 Instead of that, a sweet and gentle word :  
*God crowns our goodnesse, wheresoere He sees,*  
*On our part, wanting all abilities.*

*To his Conscience.*

**C**AN I not sin, but thou wilt be  
 My private *Protonotarie* ?<sup>2</sup>  
 Can I not woe thee to passe by  
 A short and sweet iniquity ?  
 I'le cast a mist and cloud, upon  
 My delicate transgression,  
 So utter dark, as that no eye  
 Shall see the hug'd <sup>3</sup> impietie :

<sup>1</sup> i.e. to seek into the nature and acts of God.

<sup>2</sup> = prothonotary, or chief recording scribe, as in the courts of law.

<sup>3</sup> = hugged. See similarly Glossarial Index under 'rag'd' for 'ragged.'

*Gifts blind the wise, and bribes do please,  
And winde all other witnesses :  
And wilt not thou, with gold, be ti'd  
To lay thy pen and ink aside ?  
That in the mirk<sup>4</sup> and tonguelesse night,  
Wanton I may, and thou not write ?  
It will not be : And, therefore, now,  
For times to come, I'le make this Vow,  
From aberrations to live free ;  
So I'le not feare the Judge, or thee.*

*To his Saviour.*

LORD, I confesse, that Thou alone art able  
To purifie this my *Augean* stable :  
Be the Seas water, and the Land all Sope,  
Yet if Thy Bloud not wash me, there's no hope.

*To God.*

GOD is all-sufferance here ; here He doth show  
No Arrow nockt,<sup>5</sup> onely a stringlesse Bow :  
His Arrowes flie, and all his stones are hurl'd  
Against the wicked, in another world.

*His Dreame.*

I DREAMT, last night, Thou didst transfuse  
Oyle from Thy Jarre, into my creuze ;

<sup>4</sup> = dark. <sup>5</sup> = The nock or noch of the arrow set in the bow-string

And powring still, Thy wealthy store,  
 The vessell full, did then run ore :  
 Me thought, I did Thy bounty chide,  
 To see the waste ; but 'twas repli'd  
 By Thee, Deare God, God gives man seed  
 Oft-times for wast, as for his need.  
 Then I co'd say, that house is bare,  
 That has not bread, and some to spare.<sup>6</sup>

*Gods Bounty.*

**G**ODS Bounty, that ebbs lesse and lesse,  
 As men do wane in thankfulnessse.

*To his sweet Saviour.*

**N**IIGHT hath no wings, to him that cannot sleep ;  
 And Time seems then, not for to flie, but creep ;  
 Slowly her chariot drives, as if that she  
 Had broke her wheele, or crackt her axeltree.  
 Just so it is with me, who list'ning, pray  
 The winds, to blow the tedious night away ;  
 That I might see the cheerfull peeping day.  
 Sick is my heart ! O Saviour ! do Thou please  
 To make my bed soft in my sicknesses :

<sup>6</sup> A reference to "Exilis domus est, ubi non et multa supersunt, &c. Horace, Ep. I. vi. l. 45.

Lighten my candle, so that I beneath  
 Sleep not for ever in the vaults of death :  
 Let me Thy voice betimes i' th' morning heare ;  
 Call, and I'le come ; say Thou, the when, and where  
 Draw me but first, and after Thee I'le run,  
 And make no one stop, till my race be done.

*His Creed.*

I DO believe, that die I must,  
 And be return'd from out my dust :  
 I do believe, that when I rise,  
 Christ I shall see, with these same eyes :  
 I do believe, that I must come,  
 With others, to the dreadfull Doome :<sup>7</sup>  
 I do believe, the bad must goe  
 From thence, to everlasting woe :  
 I do believe, the good, and I,  
 Shall live with Him eternally :  
 I do believe, I shall inherit  
 Heaven, by Christs mercies, not my merit :  
 I do believe, the One in Three,  
 And Three in perfect Unitie :  
 Lastly, that JESUS is a Deed  
 Of Gift from God : *And heres my Creed.*

<sup>7</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

*Temptations.*

**T**EMPTATIONS hurt not, though they have  
accesse :

Satan o'ercomes none, but by willingnesse.

*The Lamp.*

**W**HEN a man's Faith is frozen up, as dead ;  
Then is the Lamp and oyle extinguishèd.

*Sorrowes.*

**S**ORROWES our portion are : Ere hence we goe,  
Crosses we must have ; or, hereafter woe.

*Penitencie.*

**A**MANS transgression God do's then remit,  
When man he makes a Penitent for it.

*The Dirge of Jephthahs Daughter: sung  
by the Virgins.*

1. **O** THOU, the wonder of all dayes !  
O Paragon,<sup>8</sup> and Pearle of praise !  
**O** Virgin-martyr, ever blest  
Above the rest

<sup>8</sup> The highest or most precious, chief among virgins. See quotation from Gough in Nares s. v. The origin of the phrase may be doubtful, but probably it is from the eye being so bright and precious a part of the body.

Of all the Maiden-Traine ! We come,  
And bring fresh strewings to thy Tombe.

2. Thus, thus, and thus we compasse round  
Thy harmlesse and unhaunted Ground ;  
And as we sing thy Dirge, we will  
                        The Daffadill,  
And other flowers, lay upon  
(The Altar of our love) thy Stone.
3. Thou wonder of all Maids, li'st here,  
Of Daughters all, the Deerest Deere ;  
The eye of Virgins ;<sup>9</sup> nay, the Queen,  
                        Of this smooth Green,  
And all sweet Meades ; from whence we get  
The Primrose, and the Violet.
4. Too soon, too deere did *Jephthah* buy,  
By thy sad losse, our liberty :  
His was the Bond and Cov'nant, yet  
                        Thou paid'st the debt :  
Lamented Maid ! he won the day,  
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

<sup>9</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

5. Thy Father brought with him along  
     The Olive branch, and Victors Song :  
     He slew the Ammonites,<sup>1</sup> we know,  
                 But to thy woe ;  
     And in the purchase of our Peace,  
     The Cure was worse then the Disease.     [*than*
6. For which obedient zeale of thine,  
     We offer here, before thy Shrine,  
     Our sighs for Storax, teares for Wine ;  
                 And to make fine,  
     And fresh thy Herse-cloth,<sup>2</sup> we will, here,  
     Foure times bestrew thee ev'ry yeere.
7. Receive, for this thy praise, our teares :  
     Receive this offering of our Haires :<sup>3</sup>  
     Receive these Christall Vialls fil'd  
                 With teares, distil'd  
     From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,  
     Each Maid, her silver Filleting,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Judges xi. 1—33.

<sup>2</sup> Here metaphorical for the turf or tomb covering her.

<sup>3</sup> Referring to the Eastern custom of shaving or cutting the hair in token of grief. Cf. Job. i. 30 : Jer. vii. 29.

8. To guild thy Tombe ; besides, these Caules,  
These Laces, Ribbands, and these Faules,  
These Veiles, wherewith we use to hide  
The Bashfull Bride,  
When we conduct her to her Groome :  
And, all we lay upon thy Tombe.
  9. No more, no more, since thou art dead,  
Shall we ere bring coy Brides to bed ;  
No more, at yeerly Festivalls  
We Cowslip balls,  
Or chaines of Columbines <sup>5</sup> shall make,  
For this, or that occasions sake.
  10. No, no ; our Maiden-pleasures be  
Wrapt in the winding-sheet, with thee :  
'Tis we are dead, though not i' th' grave :  
Or, if we have  
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep  
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.
  11. Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of Spice ;  
And make this place all Paradise :  
May Sweets grow here ! & smoke from hence,  
Fat Frankincense :

<sup>1</sup> =curls or head-dresses.

<sup>5</sup> Flowers so named.

Let Balme and Cassia, send their scent  
From out thy Maiden-Monument.

12. May no Wolfe howle, or Screech-Owle stir  
A wing about thy Sepulcher !  
No boysterous winds, or stormes, come hither,  
To starve, or wither  
Thy soft sweet Earth ! but (like a spring)  
Love keep it ever flourishing.
13. May all shie Maids, at wonted hours,  
Come forth, to strew thy Tombe with flow'rs :  
May Virgins, when they come to mourn,  
Male-Incense burn<sup>6</sup>  
Upon thine Altar ! then return,  
And leave thee sleeping in thy Urn.

*To God, on his sicknesse.*

WHAT though my Harp, and Violl be  
Both hung upon the Willow-tree ?  
What though my bed be now my grave,  
And for my house I darknesse have ?  
What though my healthfull dayes are fled,  
And I lie numbred with the dead ?  
Yet I have hope, by Thy great power,  
To spring ; though now a wither'd flower.

<sup>6</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

*Sins loath'd, and yet lov'd.*

**S**HAME checks our first attempts ; but then 'tis  
prov'd,

*Sins first dislik'd, are after that belov'd.<sup>7</sup>*

*Sin.*

**S**IN leads the way, but as it goes, it feels  
The following plague still treading on his heels.

*Upon God.*

**G**OD when He takes my goods and chattels hence  
Gives me a portion, giving patience :  
What is in God is God ; if so it be,  
He patience gives ; He gives himselfe to me.

*Faith.*

**W**HAT here we hope for, we shall once<sup>8</sup> inherit :  
By Faith we all walk here, not by the Spirit.

*Humility.*

**H**UMBLE we must be, if to Heaven we go :  
High is the roof there ; but the gate is low :  
When e're thou speak'st, look with a lowly eye :  
Grace is increasèd by humility.

<sup>7</sup> See Memorial-Introduction for a parallel later (in Pope).

<sup>8</sup> = at some future time and continuously, once and for aye.

*Teares.*

OUR present Teares here (not our present laughter)  
Are but the handsells of our joyes<sup>9</sup> hereafter.

*Sin and Strife.*

AFTER true sorrow for our sinnes, our strife  
Must last with Satan, to the end of life.

*An Ode, or Psalme, to God.*

DEER God,  
If thy smart Rod  
Here did not make me sorrie,  
I sho'd not be  
With Thine, or Thee,  
In Thy eternall Glorie.

But since  
Thou didst convince  
My sinnes, by gently striking ;  
Add still to those  
First stripes, new blowes,  
According to Thy liking.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Herbert: (Vol. i. p. 65, l. 13, F. W. Library edn.) "Thou art Joye's handsell."

Feare me,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or scourging teare me ;  
 That thus from vices driven,  
 I may from Hell  
 Flie up, to dwell  
 With Thee, and Thine in Heaven.

*Graces for Children.*

WHAT God gives, and what we take,  
 'Tis a gift for Christ His sake :  
 Be the meale of Beanies and Pease,  
 God be thank'd for those, and these :  
 Have we flesh, or have we fish,  
 All are Fragments from His dish.  
 He His Church save, and the King,  
 And our Peace here, like a Spring,  
 Make it ever flourishing.

*God to be first serv'd.*

HONOUR thy Parents ; but good manners call  
 Thee to adore thy God, the first of all.

*Another Grace for a Child.*

HERE a little child I stand,  
 Heaving up my either hand ;

<sup>1</sup> = make me afraid.

Cold as Paddocks<sup>2</sup> though they be,  
 Here I lift them up to Thee,  
 For a Benizon<sup>3</sup> to fall  
 On our meat, and on us all. *Amen.*

*A Christmas Caroll, sung to the King in the  
 Presence at White-Hall.<sup>4</sup>*

*Chor.* **W**HAT sweeter musick can we bring,  
 Then a Caroll, for to sing [than  
 The Birth of this our heavenly King ?  
 Awake the Voice ! awake the String !  
 Heart, Eare, and Eye, and every thing  
 Awake ! the while the active Finger  
 Runs division with the Singer.

*From the Flourish they came to the Song.*

1. Dark and dull night, flie hence away,  
 And give the honour to this Day,  
 That sees *December* turn'd to *May*.
2. If we may ask the reason, say ;  
 The why, and wherefore all things here  
 Seem like the Spring-time of the yeere ?

<sup>2</sup> = frogs.

<sup>3</sup> = benison, benediction.

<sup>4</sup> See Memorial-Introduction.

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3. Why do's the chilling Winters morne  
Smile, like a field beset with corne ?  
Or smell, like to a Meade new-shorne,  
Thus, on the sudden ? 4. Come and see  
The cause, why things thus fragrant be :  
'Tis He is borne, whose quickning Birth  
Gives life and luster, publike mirth,  
To Heaven, and the under-Earth.

*Chor.* We see Him come, and know him ours,  
Who, with His Sun-shine, and His showers,  
Turnes all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,  
And fit it is, we finde a roome  
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part  
Of all the house here, is the heart,

*Chor.* Which we will give Him ; and bequeath  
This Hollie, and this Ivie Wreath,  
To do Him honour ; who's our King,  
And Lord of all this Revelling.

*The Musicall Part was composed by*  
M. Henry Lawes.

*The New-yeeres Gift, or Circumcisions Song,  
sung to the King in the Presence at  
White-Hall.<sup>5</sup>*

1. PREPARE for Songs ; He's come, He's  
come ;  
And be it sin here to be dumb,  
And not with Lutes to fill the roome.
2. Cast Holy Water all about,  
And have a care no fire gos out,  
But 'cense the porch and place, throughout.
3. The Altars all on fier be ;  
The Storax fries ; and ye may see,  
How heart and hand do all agree,  
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less sweet  
then He. [than]
4. Bring Him along, most pious Priest,  
And tell us then, whenas thou seest  
His gently-gliding, Dove-like eyes,  
And hear'st His whimp'ring, and His cries ;  
How canst thou this Babe circumcise ?

<sup>5</sup> Ibid.

5. Ye must not be more pitifull then wise ; [than  
 For, now unlesse ye see Him bleed,  
 Which makes the Bapti'me ;<sup>6</sup> 'tis decreed,  
 The Birth is fruitlesse : *Chor.* Then the *work God*  
*speed.*

1. Touch gently, gently touch ; and here  
 Spring Tulips up through all the yeere ;  
 And from His sacred Bloud, here shed,  
 May Roses grow, to crown His own deare Head.

*Chor.* Back, back again ; each thing is done  
 With zeale alike, as 'twas begun ;  
 Now singing, homeward let us carrie  
 The Babe unto His Mother *Marie* ;  
 And when we have the Child commended  
 To her warm bosome, then our Rites are ended.

*Composed by M. Henry Lawes.*

*Another New-yeeres Gift, or Song for  
 the Circumcision.*

1. H ENCE, hence prophane, and none appeare  
 With any thing unhallowed, here :

\* See Glossarial Index s. v.

No jot of Leven must be found  
 Conceal'd in this most holy Ground :<sup>7</sup>

2. What is corrupt, or sow'r'd with sin,  
 Leave that without, then enter in ;

*Chor.* But let no Christmas mirth begin  
 Before ye purge, and circumcise  
 Your hearts, and hands, lips, eares, and eyes.

3. Then, like a perfum'd Altar, see  
 That all things sweet, and clean may be :  
 For, here's a Babe, that (like a *Bride*)  
 Will *blush to death*, if ought be spi'd  
 Ill-scenting, or unpurifi'd.

*Chor.* The room is cens'd :<sup>8</sup> help, help t'invoke  
 Heaven to come down, the while we choke  
 The Temple, with a cloud of smoke.

4. Come then, and gently touch the Birth  
 Of Him, Who's Lord of Heav'n and Earth ;
5. And softly handle Him : y'ad need,  
 Because the *prettie Babe* do's bleed.  
 Poore-pittied Child ! Who from Thy Stall

<sup>7</sup> Exodus xxxiv. 25.

<sup>8</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

Bring'st, in Thy Blood, a Balm, that shall  
Be the best New-yeares Gift to all.

- i. Let's blesse the Babe : And, as we sing  
His praise ; so let us blesse the King :

*Chor.* Long may He live, till He hath told  
His New-yeeres trebled to His old :  
And, when that's done, to re-aspire  
A new-borne *Phœnix* from His own chast fire.

*Gods Pardon.*

WHEN I shall sin, pardon my trespass here ;  
For, once in hell, none knowes Remission there

*Sin.*

SIN once reacht up to Gods eternall Sphere,<sup>9</sup>  
And was committed, not remitted there.

*Evill.*

EVILL no Nature hath ; the losse of good  
Is that which gives to sin a livelihood.

<sup>9</sup> Referring to Satan's rebellion.

*The Star-Song : a Caroll to the King ;  
sung at White-Hall.<sup>1</sup>*

*The Flourish of Musick : then followed the Song.*

1. TELL us, thou cleere and heavenly Tongue,  
Where is the Babe but lately sprung ?  
Lies He the Lillie-banks among ?

2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,  
Spangled with deaw-light ; thou canst cleere  
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek  
Him in the Mornings blushing cheek,  
Or search the beds of Spices through,  
To find him out ?

*Star.* No, this ye need not do ;  
But only come, and see Him rest  
A Princely Babe in's Mothers Brest.

*Chor.* He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,<sup>2</sup>  
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;  
And all rejoice, that we have found  
*A King, before conception crown'd.*

<sup>1</sup> See Memorial-Introduction.

<sup>2</sup> = a dance.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring  
 Unto our prettie *Twelfth-Tide King*,<sup>3</sup>  
 Each one his severall offering ;

*Chor.* And when night comes, wee'l give Him  
 wassailing ;

And that His treble Honours may be seen,  
 Wee'l chuse Him King, and make His Mother Queen.

*To God.*

WITH golden Censers, and with Incense, here,  
 Before Thy Virgin-Altar I appeare,  
 To pay Thee that I owe, since what I see  
 In, or without ; all, all belongs to Thee :  
 Where shall I now begin to make, for one  
 Least loane of Thine, half Restitution ?  
 Alas ! I cannot pay a jot ; therefore  
 I'le kisse the Tally,<sup>4</sup> and confesse the score.<sup>5</sup>  
 Ten thousand Talents lent me, Thou dost write :  
 'Tis true, my God ; *but I can't pay one mite.*

*To his deere God.*

I'LE hope no more,  
 For things that will not come :  
 And, if they do, they prove but cumbersome ;

<sup>3</sup> The ' Holy Child ' Jesus.

<sup>4</sup> =the notched stick for marking of debts.

<sup>5</sup> —debts.

Wealth brings much woe :  
And, since it fortunes so ;  
'Tis better to be poore,  
Than so t'abound,  
As to be drown'd,  
Or overwhelm'd with store.

Pale care, avant,  
I'le learn to be content  
With that small stock, Thy Bounty gave or lent.

What may conduce  
To my most healthfull use,  
Almighty God me grant ;  
But that, or this,  
That hurtfull is,  
Denie Thy suppliant.

*To God, his good will.*

GOLD I have none, but I present my need,  
O Thou, that crown'st the will, where wants  
the deed.

Where Rams are wanting, or large Bullocks thighs.  
There a poor Lamb's a plenteous sacrifice.  
Take then his Vowes, who, if he had it, would  
Devote to Thee, both incense, myrrhe, and gold,  
Upon an Altar rear'd by Him, and crown'd  
Both with the *Rubie, Pearle, and Diamond.*

*On Heaven.*

PERMIT mine eyes to see  
Part, or the whole of Thee,  
O happy place !  
Where all have Grace,  
And Garlands shar'd,  
For their reward ;  
Where each chast Soule  
In long white stole,  
And Palmes in hand,  
Do ravisht stand ;  
So in a ring,  
The praises sing  
Of Three in One,  
That fill the Throne ;  
While Harps, and Violls then  
To Voices, say, *Amen.*

*The Summe, and the Satisfaction.*

LAST night I drew up mine Account,  
And found my Debits to amount  
To such a height, as for to tell  
How I sho'd pay, 's impossible :  
Well, this I'le do ; my mighty score  
Thy mercy-seat I'le lay before ;

But therewithall I'le bring the Band,  
 Which, in full force, did daring<sup>6</sup> stand,  
 Till my Redeemer (on the Tree)  
 Made void for millions, as for me.  
 Then, if Thou bidst me pay, or go  
 Unto the prison, I'le say, no ;  
*Christ* having paid, I nothing owe :  
 For, this is sure, the Debt is dead  
 By Law, the Bond once *cancellèd*.

*Good men afflicted most.*

GOD makes not good men wantons, but doth  
 bring  
 Them to the field, and, there, to skirmishing ;  
 With trialls those, with terrors these He proves,  
 And hazards those most, whom the most He loves ;  
 For *Sceva*, darts ; for *Cocles*, dangers ; thus  
 He finds a fire for mighty *Mutius* ;  
 Death for stout *Cato* ; and besides all these,  
 A poyson too He has for *Socrates* ;  
 Torments for high *Attilius* ; and, with want,  
 Brings in *Fabricius* for a Combatant :<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> = frightening, causing fear—a hawking and bird-catching term.

<sup>7</sup> All the names herein are classical commonplaces, and need no annotation.

But, bastard-slips, and such as He dislikes,  
He never brings them once to th' push of Pikes.<sup>8</sup>

*Good Christians.*

PLAY their offensive and defensive parts,  
Till they be hid o're with a wood of darts.

*The Will the cause of Woe.*

WHEN man is punisht, he is plaguèd still,  
Not for the fault of Nature, but of will.

*To Heaven.*

OPEN thy gates  
To him, who weeping waits,  
And might come in,  
But that held back by sin.  
  
Let mercy be  
So kind, to set me free,  
And I will strait  
Come in, or force the gate.

*The Recompence.*

ALL I have lost, that co'd be rapt from me ;  
And fare it well : yet *Herrick*, if so be

<sup>8</sup> Hebrews xii. 8 = danger or affliction.

Thy Deerest Saviour renders thee but one  
Smile, that one smile's full restitution.

*To God.*

PARDON me God, (once more I Thee intreat)  
That I have plac'd Thee in so meane a seat,  
Where round about Thou seest but all things vaine,  
Uncircumcis'd, unseason'd, and prophane.  
But as Heavens publike and immortall Eye  
Looks on the filth, but is not soil'd thereby ;  
So Thou, my God, may'st on this impure, look,  
But take no tincture from my sinfull Book :  
Let but one beame of Glory on it shine,  
And that will make me, and my Work divine.<sup>9</sup>

*To God.*

LORD, I am like to *Mistletoe*,  
Which has no root, and cannot grow,  
Or prosper, but by that same tree  
It clings about ; so I by Thee.  
What need I then to feare at all,  
So long as I about Thee craule ?  
But if that Tree sho'd fall, and die,  
Tumble shall heav'n, and down will I.

<sup>9</sup> Cf. Cowper (end of "Task")

" Whose approbation prospers even mine."

*His wish to God.*

I WOULD to God, that mine old age might have  
 Before my last, but here a living grave,  
 Some one poore Almes-house ; there to lie, or stir,  
 Ghost-like, as in my meaner sepulcher ;  
 A little piggin,<sup>1</sup> and a pipkin<sup>2</sup> by.  
 To hold things fitting my necessity ;  
 Which, rightly us'd, both in their time and place,  
 Might me excite to fore and after-grace.  
 Thy Crosse, my *Christ*, fixt 'fore mine eyes sho'd be,  
 Not to adore that, but to worship Thee.  
 So, here the remnant of my dayes I'd spend,  
 Reading Thy Bible, and my Book ;<sup>3</sup> *so end.*

*Satan.*

WHEN we 'gainst Satan stoutly fight, the more  
 He teares and tugs us, then he did before ; [than  
 Neglecting once to cast a frown on those  
 Whom ease makes his, without the help of blowes.

<sup>1</sup> =earthenware dish=a little pig—still its name:=also a wooden half-barrel pail having one stave longer than the rest to serve as handle.

<sup>2</sup> =a little tiny earthen pot with handle of same. See Glossarial Index.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. the Bible, which is my book.

*Hell.*

**H**ELL is no other, but a soundlesse<sup>4</sup> pit,  
Where no one beame of comfort peeps in it.

*The way.*

**W**HEN I a ship see on the Seas,  
Cuft with those watrie savages,  
And therewithall, behold, it hath  
In all that way no beaten path ;  
Then, with a wonder, I confesse,  
Thou art our way i'th wildernes :  
And while we blunder in the dark,  
Thou art our candle there, or spark.

*Great grief, great glory.*

**T**HE lesse our sorrowes here and suffrings cease,  
The more our Crownes of Glory there increase.

*Hell.*

**H**ELL is the place where whipping-cheer abounds,  
But no one Jailor there to wash the wounds.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> = fathomless.

<sup>5</sup> Cf. Acts of the Apostles of the jailor at Philippi : c. xvi. 33.

*The Bell-man.*

A LONG the dark, and silent night,  
With my Lantern, and my Light,  
And the tinkling of my Bell,  
Thus I walk, and this I tell :  
Death and dreadfulness call on,  
To the gen'rall Session ;  
To whose dismal Barre, we there  
All accompts must come to cleere :  
Scores of sins w'ave made here many,  
Wip't out few, (God knowes) if any.  
Rise, ye Debters, then, and fall  
To make painient, while I call.  
Ponder this, when I am gone ;  
By the clock 'tis almost *One*.

*The goodnessse of his God.*

WHEN Winds and Seas do rage,  
And threaten to undo me,  
Thou dost their wrath asswage,  
If I but call unto Thee.

A mighty storm last night  
Did seek my soule to swallow,  
But by the peep of light  
A gentle calme did follow.

What need I then despaire,  
 Though ills stand round about me ;  
 Since mischiefs neither dare  
 To bark, or bite, without Thee ?

*The Widdowes teares : or, Dirge of Dorcas.*

1. COME pitie us, all ye, who see  
 Our Harps hung on the Willow-tree :  
 Come pitie us, ye Passers by,  
 Who see, or heare poor Widdowes crie :  
 Come pitie us ; and bring your eares,  
 And eyes, to pitie Widdowes teares.

*Chor.* And when you are come hither ;  
 Then we will keep  
 A Fast, and weep  
 Our eyes out all together.

2. For *Tabitha*, who dead lies here,  
 Clean washt, and laid out for the Beere ;  
 O modest Matrons, weep and waile !  
 For now the Corne and Wine must faile :  
 The Basket and the Bynn of Bread,  
 Wherewith so many soules were fed

*Chor.* Stand empty here for ever :  
 And ah ! the Poore,  
 At thy worne Doore,  
 Shall be releevèd never.

3. Woe worth the Time, woe worth the day,  
 That reav'd us of thee *Tabitha* !  
 For we have lost, with thee, the Meale,  
 The Bits, the Morsells, and the deale<sup>6</sup>  
 Of gentle Paste, and yeelding Dow,  
 That Thou on Widdowes didst bestow.

*Chor.* All's gone, and Death hath taken  
 Away from us  
 Our Maundie ;<sup>7</sup> thus,  
 Thy Widdowes stand forsaken.

4. Ah *Dorcas, Dorcas* ! now adieu  
 We bid the Creuse and Pannier too :  
 I and the flesh, for and<sup>8</sup> the fish,  
 Dol'd to us in That Lordly dish.  
 We take our leaves now of the Loome,  
 From whence the house-wives cloth did come :

*Chor.* The web affords now nothing ;  
 Thou being dead,  
 The woosted<sup>9</sup> thred  
 Is cut, that made us clothing.

<sup>6</sup> = the portion dealt out.

<sup>7</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>8</sup> 'for and' : an old and originally perhaps intransitive form of 'and' or 'also,' but sometimes, as here, used simply as 'and.'

<sup>9</sup> = worsted.

5. Farewell the Flax and Reaming<sup>1</sup> wooll,  
 With which thy house was plentifull.  
 Farewell the Coats, the Garments, and  
 The Sheets, the Rugs, made by thy hand.  
 Farewell thy Fier and thy Light,  
 That ne're went out by Day or Night :  
*Chor.* No, or thy zeale so speedy,  
 That found a way  
 By peep of day,  
 To feed and cloth the Needy.

6. But, ah, alas ! the Almond Bough,  
 And Olive Branch is wither'd now.  
 The Wine Presse now is ta'ne from us,  
 The Saffron and the Calamus.<sup>2</sup>  
 The Spice and Spiknard hence is gone,  
 The Storax and the Cynamon,  
*Chor.* The Caroll of our gladnesse  
 Ha's taken wing,  
 And our late spring  
 Of mirth is turn'd to sadnessse.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> = *mantling*, or like wine poured out: hence here picturesquely applied to wool carded into long locks ready for thread making.

<sup>2</sup> = a gum from the calamus odoratus or aromaticus.

<sup>3</sup> Exodus xxx. 23.

7. How wise wast thou in all thy waies !

How worthy of respect and praise !

How Matron-like didst thou go drest !

How soberly above the rest

Of those that prank<sup>4</sup> it with their Plumes ;

And jet<sup>5</sup> it with their choice perfumes.

*Chor.* Thy vestures were not flowing :

Nor did the street

Accuse thy feet

Of mincing<sup>6</sup> in their going.

8. And though thou here li'st dead, we see

A deale<sup>7</sup> of beauty yet in thee.

How sweetly shewes thy smiling face,

Thy lips with all diffusèd grace !

Thy hands (though cold) yet spotlesse, white,

And comely as the Chrysolite.

*Chor.* Thy belly like a hill is,

Or as a neat

Cleane heap of wheat,

All set about with Lillies.

<sup>4</sup> =adorn : but generally used in an ill sense as over-adorn, or adorn ostentatiously and fantastically.   <sup>5</sup> =to throw one's body or one's self forward, i. e. to strut proudly. Cf. Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>6</sup> =walking in a proud fantastic or affected manner. See Isaiah iii. 16, where margin has 'walking nicely' (i. e. delicately).

<sup>7</sup> See Glossarial Index under 'deale.'

9. Sleep with thy beauties here, while we  
 Will shew these garments made by thee ;  
 These were the Coats, in these are read  
 The monuments of *Dorcas* dead.  
 These were thy Acts, and thou shalt have  
 These hung, as honours o're thy Grave :

*Chor.* And after us (distressèd)  
 Sho'd fame be dumb ;  
 Thy very Tomb  
 Would cry out, *Thou art blessed.*

*To God, in time of plundering.*

RAPINE has yet tooke nought from me ;  
 But if it please my God, I be  
 Brought at the last to th' utmost bit,  
 God make me thankfull still for it.  
 I have been gratefull for my store :  
 Let me say grace when there's no more.

*To his Saviour. The New-yeers gift.*

THAT little prettie bleeding part  
 Of Foreskin send to me :  
 And Ile returne a bleeding Heart,  
 For New-yeers gift to Thee.

Rich is the Jemme that Thou did'st send,  
 Mine's faulty too, and small :  
 But yet this Gift Thou wilt commend,  
 Because I send Thee *all*.

*Doomes-Day.*

LET not that Day Gods Friends and Servants scare :  
 The Bench is then their place ; and not the Barre

*The Poores Portion.*

THE sup'rabundance of my store,  
 That is the portion of the poore :  
 Wheat, Barley, Rie, or Oats ; what is't  
 But he takes tole of? all the Griest.<sup>8</sup>  
 Two raiments have I : *Christ* then makes  
 This Law ; that He and I part stakes.  
 Or have I two loaves ; then I use  
 The poore to cut, and I to chuse.

*The White Island : or place of the Blest.*

IN this world (the *Isle of Dreames*)  
 While we sit by sorrowes streames,  
 Teares and terrors are our theames  
 Reciting :

<sup>8</sup> = grist.

But when once from hence we flie,  
More and more approaching nigh  
Unto young Eternitie  
Uniting :

In that *whiter Island*, where  
Things are evermore sincere ;<sup>9</sup>  
Candor<sup>10</sup> here, and lustre there  
Delighting :

There no monstrous fancies shall  
Out of hell an horrour call,  
To create (or cause at all)  
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep  
We our eyes shall never steep ;  
But eternall watch shall keep,  
Attending

Pleasures, such as shall pursue  
Me immortaliz'd, and you ;  
And fresh joyes, as never too  
Have ending.

*To Christ.*

I CRAWLE, I creep ; my *Christ*, I come  
 To Thee, for curing *Balsamum* :  
 Thou hast, nay more, Thou art the Tree,  
 Affording salve of Soveraigntie.  
 My mouth I'le lay unto Thy wound  
 Bleeding, that no Blood touch the ground :  
 For, rather then one drop shall fall                  [*than*  
 To wast, my JESU, I'le take all.

*To God.*

GOD ! to my little meale and oyle,  
 Add but a bit of flesh, to boyle :  
 And Thou my Pipkinnet<sup>1</sup> shalt see,  
 Give a *wave-offring* unto Thee.

*Free Welcome.*

GOD He refuseth no man ; but makes way  
 For All that now come, or hereafter may.

*Gods Grace.*

GODS Grace deserves here to be daily fed,  
 That, thus increast, it might be perfected.

<sup>1</sup> Diminutive of 'pipkin.'

*Coming to Christ.*

TO him, who longs unto his CHRIST to go,  
Celerity even it self is slow.

*Correction.*

GOD had but one Son free from sin ; but none  
Of all His sonnes free from correction.<sup>2</sup>

*Gods Bounty.*

GOD, as He's potent, so He's likewise known,  
To give us more then Hope can fix upon. [than

*Knowledge.*

SCIENCE in God, is known to be  
A Substance, not a Qualitie.

*Salutation.*

CHRIST, I have read, did to His Chaplains say,  
Sending them forth, *Salute no man by th' way*.<sup>3</sup>  
Not, that He taught His Ministers to be  
Unsmooth, or sowre, to all civilitie ;

<sup>2</sup> A favorite saying with the old Puritan Preachers.

<sup>3</sup> The elaborateness of Eastern salutations, wherein much time was consumed, explains the injunction.

But to instruct them, to avoid all snares  
 Of tardidation<sup>4</sup> in the Lords Affaires.  
 Manners are good : but till his errand ends,  
 Salute we must, nor Strangers, Kin, or Friends.

*Lasciviousnesse.*

LASCIVIOUSNESSE is known to be  
 The sister to saturitie.<sup>5</sup>

*Teares.*

GOD from our eyes all teares hereafter wipes,  
 And gives His Children kisses then, not stripes.

*Gods Blessing.*

IN vain our labours are, whatsoe're they be,  
 Unlesse God gives the *Benedicite.*

*God, and Lord.*

GOD, is His Name of Nature ; but that word  
 Implies His Power, *when He's cal'd the LORD.*

*The Judgment-Day.*

GOD hides from man the reck'ning Day, that He  
 May feare it ever for uncertaintie :

<sup>4</sup> = delaying.      <sup>5</sup> Probably used with the double sense of the Latin *saturitas* = excess and ordure.

That being ignorant of that one, he may  
Expect the coming of it ev'ry day.

*Angells.*

A NGELLS are callèd Gods ; yet of them, none  
Are Gods, but by *participation* :  
As just Men are intitled Gods, yet none  
Are Gods, of them, but by Adoption.

*Long life.*

T HE longer thred of life we spin,  
The more occasion still to sin.

*Teares.*

T HE teares of Saints more sweet by farre,  
Then all the songs of sinners are. [than

*Manna.*

T HAT Manna, which God on His people cast,  
Fitted it self to ev'ry Feeders tast.

*Reverence.*

T RUE rev'rence is (as *Cassiodore*<sup>6</sup> doth prove)  
The feare of God, commixt with cleanly love.

<sup>6</sup> Reverentia est enim Domini timor cum amore permixtus : (Cassiodor. Expos. in Psalt. xxxiv. 30. p. 118.)

*Mercy.*

**M**ERCY, the wise Athenians held to be  
Not an Affection, but a *Deitie*.

*Wages.*

**A**FTER this life, the wages shall  
Not shar'd alike be unto all.

*Temptation.*

**G**OD tempteth no one (as S. *Aug'stine* saith)<sup>7</sup>  
For any ill ; but, for the proof of Faith :  
Unto temptation God exposeth some ;  
But none, of purpose, to be overcome.

*Gods hands.*

**G**OIDS hands are round, & smooth, that gifts  
may fall  
Freely from them, and hold none back at all.

*Labour.*

**L**ABOUR we must, and labour hard  
I'th *Forum* here, or *Vineyard*.

<sup>7</sup> Cf. Serm. ii De tentatione Abrahamae a Deo—"Deus tentat ut aperiat homini," and again, "Deus tentat ut doceat:" (Op. v. pp. 5, 7, *et alibi*.)

Mora Sponsi, *the stay of the Bridegroom*.

THE time the Bridegroom stayes from hence,  
Is but the time of penitence.

*Roaring.*

ROARING is nothing but a weeping part,  
Forc'd from the mighty dolour of the heart.

*The Eucharist.*

HE that is hurt seeks help : sin is the wound ;  
The salve for this i'th Eucharist is found.

*Sin severely punisht.*

GOD in His own Day will be then severe,  
To punish great sins, who small faults whipt  
here.

Montes Scripturarum, *the Mounts of the  
Scriptures.*

THE Mountains of the Scriptures are (some say)  
*Moses, and Jesus, callèd Joshua :*  
The *Prophets*, Mountains of the Old are meant ;  
The *Apostles*, Mounts of the *New Testament*.

*Prayer.*

A PRAYER, that is said alone,  
Starves, having no companion.  
Great things ask for, when thou dost pray,  
And those great are, which ne're decay.  
Pray not for silver, rust eats this ;  
Ask not for gold, which metall is :  
Nor yet for houses, which are here  
But earth : *such vowes nere reach Gods eare.*

*Christs sadness.*

CHRIST was not sad, i'th garden, for His own  
Passion, but for His sheeps dispersion.

*God heares us.*

GOD, who's in Heav'n, will hear from thence ;  
If not to'th sound, yet, to the sense.

*God.*

GOD (as the learnèd *Damascen*<sup>8</sup> doth write)  
*A Sea of Substance is, Indefinite.*

<sup>8</sup> Ioann. Damasc. de Fide Orthod. i. 9 : (Op. i. p. 142 Lequier.

*Clouds.*

**H**E that ascended in a cloud, shall come  
In clouds, descending to the publike *Doome*.<sup>9</sup>

*Comforts in contentions.*

**T**HE same, who crownes the Conquerour, will be  
A Coadjutor in the Agonie.

*Heaven.*

**H**EAV'N is most faire ; but fairer He  
That made that fairest Canopie.

*God.*

**I**N God there's nothing, but 'tis known to be  
Ev'n God Himself, in perfect *Entitie*.

*His Power.*

**G**OD can do all things, save but what are known  
For to imply a contradiction.

*Christs words on the Crosse, My God, My God.*

**C**HRIST, when He hung the dreadfull Crosse  
upon,  
Had (as it were) a *Dereliction* ;

<sup>9</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

In this regard, in those great terrors He  
Had no one *Beame* from Gods sweet Majestie.

*Jehovah.*

J EHOVAH, as *Boëtius*<sup>1</sup> saith,  
No number of the *Plurall* hath.

*Confusion of face.*

G OD then confounds mans face, when He not  
hears  
The Vowes of those, who are Petitioners.

*Another.*

T HE shame of mans face is no more  
Then prayers repel'd, (sayes *Cassiodore.*)<sup>2</sup> [than

*Beggars.*

J ACOB Gods Beggar was ; and so we wait  
(Though ne're so rich) all beggars at His Gate.

<sup>1</sup> Nulla est omnino pluralitas, quare nec numerus (*Boëtius de Trin. iii. p. 1251* : Migne.)

<sup>2</sup> Fideles non erubescunt, quoniam impetrant. *Erubescere enim decepti est, qui ad sua desideria non valet pervenire :* (*Cassiod Expos. in Psalm. xxxiii. 5, p. 110.*)

*Good, and bad.*

THE Bad among the Good are here mixt ever :  
 The Good without the Bad are here plac'd never.

*Sin.*

*SIN* no existence ; Nature none it hath,  
 Or Good at all, (as learn'd Aquinas saith.)<sup>3</sup>

*Martha, Martha.*

THE repetition of the name made known  
 No other, then Christ's full Affection. [than

*Youth, and Age.*

GOD on our Youth bestowes but little ease ;  
 But on our Age most sweet *Indulgences*.

*Gods Power.*

GOD is so potent, as His Power can  
 Draw out of *bad* a soveraigne *good* to man.

*Paradise.*

PARADISE is (as from the Learn'd I gather)  
*A quire of blest Soules circling in the Father.*

<sup>3</sup> See St. Thomas contra Gentes, l. iii, c. 7, and De Malo Q. i. a. i. u. 20.

*Observation.*

THE Jewes, when they built Houses (I have read)  
 One part thereof left still unfinishèd :  
 To make them, thereby, mindfull of their own  
 Cities most sad and dire destruction.<sup>4</sup>

*The Asse.*

GOD did forbid the Israelites, to bring  
 An Asse unto Him, for an offering :  
 Onely, by this dull creature, to expresse  
 His detestation to all slothfulness.

*Observation.*

THE Virgin-Mother stood at distance (there)  
 From her Sonnes Crosse, not shedding once a  
 teare :  
 Because the Law forbad to sit and crie  
 For those, who did as malefactors die.

<sup>4</sup> "The Jews at this day, when they build a house, they are, say the Rabbins, to leave one part of it unfinished, and lying rude, in remembrance that Jerusalem and the temple are, at present, desolate (Hist. of Rites of Jews, by Leo Moden). At least they used to leave about a yard square of the house unplastered, on which they write in great letters that of the Psalmist, If I forget Jerusalem, then let my right hand forget her cunning (Ps. cxxxvii.) or else these words, Zecher Lechorbon, The Memory of the Desolation." (TRAPP on Nehemiah ii. 3 : 1656).

So she, to keep her mighty woes in awe,  
 Tortur'd her love, not to transgresse the Law.  
 Observe we may, how *Mary Joses* then,  
 And th' other *Mary (Mary Magdalen)*  
 Sate by the Grave ; and sadly sitting there,  
 Shed for their Master many a bitter teare :  
 But 'twas not till their *dearest Lord* was dead ;  
 And then to weep they both were licensèd.

*Tapers.*

THOSE Tapers, which we set upon the grave,  
 In fun'rall pomp, but this importance<sup>5</sup> have ;  
 That soules departed are not put out quite ;  
 But, as they walk't here in their *vestures white*,  
 So live in Heaven, in everlasting light.

*Christs Birth.*

ONE Birth our Saviour had ; the like none yet  
 Was, or will be a *second* like to it.

*The Virgin Mary.*

TO work a *wonder*, God would have her shoun,  
 At once, a Bud, and yet a *Rose full-blowne*.

<sup>5</sup> Apparently used in sense of 'import.'

*Another.*

AS sun-beames pierce the glasse, and streaming in,  
 No crack or Schisme leave i'th subtil skin :  
 So the Divine Hand work't, and brake no thred,  
 But, in a *Mother*, kept a *maiden-head*.

*God.*

GOD, in the *holy Tongue*, they call  
 The Place that filleth *All in all*.

*Another of God.*

GOD'S said to leave this place, and for to come  
 Nearer to that place, then to other some :  
 Of locall motion, in no least respect,  
 But only by impression of effect.

*Another.*

GOD is *Jehovah* cal'd ; which name of His  
 Implies or *Essence*, or the *He* that Is.

*Gods presence.*

GOD'S evident, and may be said to be  
 Present with just men, to the veritie :

But with the wicked if He doth comply,  
'Tis (as S. *Bernard* saith)<sup>6</sup> but seemingly.

*Gods Dwelling.*

GOD'S said to dwell there, wheresoever He  
Puts down some prints of His high Majestie :  
As when to man He comes, and there doth place  
His *holy Spirit*, or doth plant His *Grace*.

*The Virgin Mary.*

THE *Virgin Marie* was (as I have read)  
The House of God, by *Christ* inhabited ;  
Into the which He enter'd : but, the Doore  
Once shut, was never to be open'd more.<sup>7</sup>

<sup>6</sup> ‘Comply’: probably in sense of French *complaire*, conform, or apply Himself to the humours of. The thought is frequent in St. Bernard. See under *Balaam*, etc.

<sup>7</sup> The reference is to Ezekiel xliv. 2, which is applied to the Virgin Mary in the Roman Breviary. Off. Conc. See St. Bernard (Op. iii. p. 813: Venet: 1727), or rather Bernard (of Toledo) to whom the work belongs, though it was formerly attributed to Bernard of Clairvaux—“Tu es castellum in quod Iesus intravit, habens turrim humilitatis, &c.

*To God.*

GOD'S undivided, *One in Persons Three* ;  
 And *Three in Inconfusèd Unity* :  
*Originall of Essence* there is none,  
*'Twixt God the Father, Holy Ghost, and Sonne* :  
 And though the *Father* be the first of *Three*,  
*'Tis but by Order, not by Entitie.*

*Upon Woman and Mary.*

SO long (it seem'd) as *Maries* Faith was small,  
*Christ* did her *Woman*, not her *Mary* call :  
 But no more *Woman*, being strong in Faith ;  
 But *Mary* cal'd then (as S. *Ambrose* saith.)<sup>8</sup>

*North and South.*

THE Jewes their beds, and offices of ease,  
 Plac't *North* and *South*, for these cleane pur-  
 poses ;  
 That mans uncomely froth might not molest  
 Gods wayes and walks, which lie still East and West.

<sup>8</sup> See Expos. in. Luc. Lib. x. 161 sq: (Op. i. p. 1539 edn. Bened.  
Paris 1686.)

*Sabbaths.*

**S**ABBATHS are threefold, (as S. *Austine* sayes :)<sup>9</sup>  
 The first of Time, or Sabbath here of Dayes ;  
 The second is a Conscience trespassse-free ;  
 The last the *Sabbath of Eternitie*.

*The Fast, or Lent.*

**N**OAH the first was (as Tradition sayes)  
 That did ordaine the Fast of forty Dayes.<sup>1</sup>

*Sin.*

**T**HREE is no evill that we do commit,  
 But hath th' extraction of some good from it :  
 As when we sin ; God, the great *Chymist*, thence  
 Drawes out th' *Elixar*<sup>2</sup> of true penitence.

*God.*

**G**OD is more here, then in another place, [than  
 Not by His *Essence*, but commerce of *Grace*.]

<sup>9</sup> See *de Civitate Dei*, xxii. 30 : (Op. vii. p. 701) : also on the 'conscience trespassse free' Enarr. in Ps. xci. 1, and St. Jerome in Ezech. xlvi. 1, apud a-Lapide *in locum*.

<sup>1</sup> St. Augustine (Serm. 69) compares together Lent and the Deluge. So, too, St. Ambrose (*de Jejunio*) and Origen.

<sup>2</sup> =elixir.

*This, and the next World.*

GOD hath this world for many made ; 'tis true :  
But He hath made the world to come for few.<sup>3</sup>

*Ease.*

GOD gives to none so absolute an Ease,  
As not to know, or feel some *Grievances*.

*Beginnings and Endings.*

PAUL, he began ill, but he ended well ;  
*Judas* began well, but he foulely fell :  
In godlinesse, not the beginnings, so  
Much as the ends are to be lookt unto.

*Temporall Goods.*

THESE temp'rall goods God (the most Wise)  
commends  
To th' good and bad, in common, for two ends :  
First, that these goods none here may o're esteem,  
Because the wicked do partake of them :

<sup>3</sup> One must take every opportunity of protesting against this per-  
version of Divine Truth. The vision of the Apocalypse—1900 years  
ago—was not of ‘few’ but of an unreckonable multitude.

Next, that these ills none cowardly may shun ;  
 Being, oft here, the just mans portion.

*Hell fire.*

THE fire of Hell this strange condition hath,  
 To burn, not shine (as learnèd *Basil* saith.)<sup>4</sup>

*Abels Bloud.*

SPEAK, did the Bloud of *Abel* cry  
 To God for vengeance ; yes, say I ;  
 Ev'n as the sprinkled bloud cal'd on  
 God, for an expiation.

*Another.*

THE bloud of *Abel* was a thing  
 Of such a rev'rend reckoning,  
 As that the old World thought it fit,  
 Especially to sweare by it.

*A Position in the Hebrew Divinity.*

ONE man repentant is of more esteem  
 With God, then one, that never sin'd 'gainst  
 Him.<sup>5</sup> [than

<sup>4</sup> See a very striking passage in St. Basil Hom. on Psalm xxviii : (Op. i. p. 121, edn. Garnier).

<sup>5</sup> Questionable exegesis of (I suppose) Talmudic origin.

*Penitence.*

THE Doctors, in the Talmud, say,  
 That in this world, one onely day  
 In true repentance spent, will be  
 More worth, then Heav'ns Eternitie. [than]

*God's presence.*

GOD'S present ev'ry where ; but most of all  
 Present by Union *Hypostaticall*:<sup>6</sup>  
 God, He is there, where's nothing else (Schooles say)  
 And nothing else is there, *where He's away*.

*The Resurrection possible, and probable.*

FOR each one Body, that i'th earth is sowne,  
 There's an up-rising but of one for one :  
 But for each Graine, that in the ground is thrown,  
 Threescore or fourescore spring up thence for one :  
 So that the wonder is not halfe so great,  
 Of ours, as is the rising of the wheat.

*Christ's Suffering.*

JUSTLY our dearest Saviour may abhorre us,  
 Who hath more suffer'd by us farre, then for us.  
 [than]

<sup>6</sup> = substantially.

*Sinners.*

SINNERS confounded are a twofold way,  
Either as when (the learned Schoolemen say)  
Mens sins destroyed are, when they repent ;  
Or when, for sins, men suffer punishment.

*Temptations.*

NO man is tempted so, but may o'recome,  
If that he has a will to Masterdome.

*Pittie, and punishment.*

GOD doth embrace the good with love ; & gaines  
The good by mercy, as the bad by paines.

*Gods price, and mans price.*

GOD bought man here with his hearts blood  
expence ;  
And man sold God here for base *thirty pence*.

*Christs Action.*

CHRIST never did so great a work, but there  
His humane Nature did, in part, appeare :  
Or, ne're so meane a peece, but men might see  
Therein some beames of His Divinitie :

So that, in all He did, there did combine  
His Humane Nature, and His Part Divine.

*Predestination.*

PREDESTINATION is the Cause alone  
Of many standing, but of fall to none.

*Another.*

ART thou not destin'd? then, with hast, go on  
To make thy faire *Predestination*:  
If thou canst change thy life, God then will please  
To change, or call back, His past *Sentences*.

*Sin.*

SIN never slew a soule, unlesse there went  
Along with it some tempting blandishment.

*Another.*

SIN is an act so free, that if we shall  
Say,<sup>7</sup> 'tis not free, 'tis then no sin at all.

<sup>7</sup> Not to 'say' but actually to be 'not free.' The meaning perhaps is that sin is so free that we are never constrained to it, but if we say that is believe of a thing that we are constrained to it or commanded to do it, then is it no sin.

*Another.*

SIN is the cause of death ; and sin's alone  
The cause of Gods *Predestination* :  
And from Gods *Prescience* of mans sin doth flow  
Our *Destination* to eternall woe.

*Prescience.*

GODS *Prescience makes none sinfull* ; but th'  
offence  
Of man's the chief cause of Gods *Prescience*.

*Christ.*

TO all our wounds, here, whatsoe're they be,  
*Christ* is the one sufficient *Remedie*.

*Christs Incarnation.*

CHRIST took our Nature on Him, not that He  
'Bove all things lov'd it, for the purtie :  
No, but He drest Him with our humane Trim,  
Because our flesh stood most in need of Him.

*Heaven.*

HEAVEN is not given for our good works here :  
Yet it is given to the *Labourer*.

*Gods keyes.*

**G**OD has *four* *keyes*, which He reserves alone ;  
 The first of *Raine*, the key of *Hell* next known  
 With the third key He opes and shuts the wombe ;  
 And with the *fourth key* He unlocks the tombe.<sup>8</sup>

*Sin.*

**T**HHERE'S no constraint to do amisse,  
 Whereas but one enforcement is.

*Almes.*

**G**IVE unto all, lest he, whom thou deni'st,  
 May chance to be no other man, but *Christ*.

*Hell fire.*

**O**NE only fire has Hell ; but yet it shall,  
 Not after one sort, there excruciate all :  
 But look, how each transgressor onward went  
 Boldly in sin, shall feel more punishment.

*To keep a true Lent.*

i. **I**S this a Fast, to keep  
 The Larder leane ?  
 And cleane  
 From fat of Veales, and Sheep ?

<sup>8</sup> Rabbinical lore.

2. Is it to quit the dish  
    Of Flesh, yet still  
        To fill  
The platter high with Fish ?
3. Is it to fast an houre,  
    Or rag'd<sup>9</sup> to go,  
        Or show  
A down-cast look, and sowre ?
4. No : 'tis a Fast, to dole  
    Thy sheaf of wheat,  
        And meat,  
Unto the hungry Soule.
5. It is to fast from strife,  
    From old debate,  
        And hate ;  
To circumcise thy life.
6. To shew a heart grief-rent ;  
    To sterve thy sin,  
        Not Bin ;  
And that's to keep thy Lent.

<sup>9</sup> = ragged.

*No time in Eternitie.*

BY hours we all live here, in Heaven is known  
No spring of Time, or Times succession.

*His Meditation upon Death.*

BE those few hours, which I have yet to spend,  
Blest with the Meditation of my end :  
Though they be few in number, I'm content ;  
If otherwise, I stand indifferent :  
Nor makes it matter, *Nestors* yeers to tell,  
If man lives long, and if he live not well.  
A multitude of dayes still heapèd on,  
Seldome brings order, but confusion.  
Might I make choice, long life sho'd be withstood ;  
Nor wo'd I care how short it were, if good :  
Which to effect, let ev'ry passing Bell  
Possesse my thoughts,<sup>1</sup> next comes my dolefull knell :  
And when the night perswades me to my bed,  
I'le thinke I'm going to be buried :  
So shall the Blankets which come over me,  
Present those Turfs, which once<sup>2</sup> must cover me :

<sup>1</sup> i. e. Possesse my thoughts [that] next, &c.

<sup>2</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

And with as firme behaviour I will meet  
 The sheet I sleep in, as my Winding-sheet.  
 When sleep shall bath his body in mine eyes,  
 I will believe, that then my body dies :  
 And if I chance to wake, and rise thereon,  
 I'le have in mind my Resurrection,  
 Which must produce<sup>3</sup> me to that *Gen'rall Doome*,  
 To which the Pesant,<sup>4</sup> so the Prince must come,  
 To heare the Judge give sentence on the Throne,  
 Without the least hope of affection.<sup>5</sup>  
 Teares, at that day, shall make but weake defence ;  
 When Hell and Horrour fright the Conscience.  
 Let me, though late, yet at the last, begin  
 To shun the least Temptation to a sin ;  
 Though to be tempted be no sin, untill  
 Man to th' alluring object gives his will.  
 Such let my life assure me, when my breath  
 Goes theeving from me, I am safe in death ;  
 Which is the height of comfort, when I fall,  
 I rise triumphant in my Funerall.

*Cloaths for Continuance.*

THOSE Garments lasting evermore,  
 Are works of mercy to the poore,

<sup>3</sup> = lead me forth.<sup>4</sup> = peasant.<sup>5</sup> = partiality.

Which neither Tettar,<sup>6</sup> Time, or Moth  
Shall fray that silke, or fret this cloth.

*To God.*

COME to me God ; but do not come  
To me, as to the gen'rall Doome,  
In power ; or come Thou in that state,  
When Thou Thy Lawes didst promulgate,  
Whenas the Mountains quak'd for dread,  
And sullen clouds bound up his head.  
No, lay thy stately terroirs by,  
To talke with me familiarly ;  
For if Thy thunder-claps I heare,  
I shall lesse swoone, then die for feare. [than  
Speake Thou of love and I'le reply  
By way of *Epithalamie*,  
Or sing of *mercy*, and I'le suit  
To it my Violl and my Lute :  
Thus let Thy lips but love distill,  
Then come my God, and hap what will.

*The Soule.*

WHEN once the Soule has lost her way,  
O then, how restlesse do's she stray !

<sup>6</sup> =worms that eat away cloth, for skin tetter (ringworm) was supposed to be due to a worm.

And having not her God for light,  
How do's she erre<sup>6</sup> in endlesse night !

*The Judgement-day.*

IN doing justice, God shall then be known,  
Who shewing mercy here, few priz'd, or none.

*Sufferings.*

WE merit all we suffer, and by far  
More stripes, then God layes on the sufferer.

[than]  
*Paine and pleasure.*

GOD suffers not His Saints, and Servants deere,  
To have continuall paine, or pleasure here :  
But look how night succeeds the day, so He  
Gives them by turnes their grief and jollitie.

*Gods presence.*

GOD is *all-present* to whate're we do,  
And as *all-present*, so *all-filling* too.

*Another.*

THAT there's a God, we all do know,  
But what God is, we cannot show.

<sup>6</sup> =wander.

*The poore mans part.*

TELL me rich man, for what intent  
 Thou load'st with gold thy vestiment?  
 Whenas the poore crie out, to us  
 Belongs all gold superfluous.

*The right hand.*

GOD has a Right Hand, but is quite bereft  
 Of that, which we do nominate the Left.

*The Staffe and Rod.*

TWO instruments belong unto our God ;  
 The one a *Staffe* is, and the next a *Rod* :  
 That if the twig sho'd chance too much to smart,  
 The staffe might come to play the friendly part.

*God sparing in scourging.*

GOD still rewards us more then our desert : [than  
 But when He strikes, He quarter-acts<sup>7</sup> His part.

*Confession.*

CONFESSiON twofold is (as *Austine* sayes)<sup>8</sup>  
 The first of *sin* is, and the next of *praise* :

<sup>7</sup> = diminishes his blow by three-fourths = strikes gently.

<sup>8</sup> *Confessions*, et alibi, frequenter.

If ill it goes with thee, thy faults confesse :  
 If well, then chant Gods praise with cheerfulness.

*Gods descent.*

**G**OD is then said for to descend, when He  
 Doth, here on earth, some thing of novitie ;<sup>u</sup>  
 As when, in humane nature He works more  
 Then ever, yet, the like was done before. [than]

*No coming to God without Christ.*

**G**OOD and great God ! how shod I feare  
 To come to Thee, if *Christ* not there !  
 Co'd I but think, He would not be  
 Present, to plead my cause for me ;  
 To Hell I'd rather run, then I [than]  
 Wo'd see Thy Face, and He not by.

*Another, to God.*

**T**HOUGH Thou beest all that *Active Love*,  
 Which heats those ravisht Soules above ;  
 And though all joyes spring from the glance  
 Of Thy most winning countenance ;  
 Yet sowre and grim Thou'dst seem to me ;  
 If through my *Christ* I saw not Thee.

<sup>u</sup> =newness or novelty (*novitas*).

*The Resurrection.*

**T**HAT *Christ* did die, the *Pagan* saith ;  
But that He rose, that's *Christians* Faith.

*Coheires.*

**W**E are Coheires with *Christ*; nor shall His own  
*Heire-ship* be lesse, by our adoption :  
The number here of *Heires*, shall from the state  
Of His great *Birth-right* nothing derogate.

*The number of two.*

**G**OD hates the *Duall Number*; being known  
The lucklesse number of division :  
And when He blest each sev'rall Day, whereon  
He did His *curious operation* ;  
'Tis never read there (as the Fathers say)<sup>1</sup>  
God blest His work done on the *second day* :  
Wherfore two prayers ought not to be said,  
Or by our selves, or from the Pulpit read.

*Hardning of hearts.*

**G**OD'S said our hearts to harden then,  
Whenas His grace not supples men.

<sup>1</sup> Origen, St. Augustine, St. Jerome and others on *Genesis c. i.*

*The Rose.*

BEFORE Mans fall, the Rose was born,  
 (S. *Ambrose* says)<sup>2</sup> without the Thorn :  
 But, for Mans fault, then was the Thorn,  
 Without the fragrant Rose-bud, born ;  
 But ne're the Rose without the Thorn.

*Gods time must end our trouble.*

GOD doth not promise here to man, that He  
 Will free him quickly from his miserie ;  
 But in His own time, and when He thinks fit,  
 Then He will give a happy end to it.

*Baptisme.*

THE strength of *Baptisme*, that's within ;  
 It saves the soule, by drowning sin.

*Gold and Frankincense.*

GOLD serves for Tribute to the King ;  
 The *Frankincense* for Gods Offring.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> See Hexaem. iii. 11 : (I. p. 51) " Surrexerat ante floribus im-mixta, &c.

<sup>3</sup> i. e. offering to God.

*To God.*

**G**OD, who me gives a will for to repent ;  
 Will add a power, to keep me innocent ;  
 That I shall ne're that trespassse recommit,  
 When I have done true Penance here for it.

*The chewing the Cud.*

**W**HEN well we speak, & nothing do that's good,  
 We not divide the *Hoof*, but chew the *Cud* :  
 But when good words, by good works, have their  
 proof,  
 We then both chew the *Cud*, and cleave the *Hoof*.<sup>4</sup>

*Christs twofold coming.*

**T**HY former coming was to cure  
 My soules most desp'rate *Calenture* ;<sup>5</sup>  
 Thy second *Advent*, that must be  
 To heale my Earths infirmitie.

<sup>4</sup> Unclean in the first instance, clean in the second. Cf. Leviticus xi. 4.

<sup>5</sup> = a heat-fever among sailors in hot climates, attended with the fancy that the sea is the green fields of home, and in this sense peculiarly applicable here.

*To God, his gift.*

AS my little Pot doth boyle,  
 We will keep this *Levell-Coyle*;<sup>6</sup>  
 That a *Wave*, and I will bring  
 To my God, a *Heave-offering*.

*Gods Anger.*

GOD can't be wrathfull ; but we may conclude,  
 Wrathfull He may be, by similitude :  
 God's wrathfull said to be, when He doth do  
 That without *wrath*, which wrath doth *force us* to.

*Gods Commands.*

IN Gods commands, ne're ask the reason why ;  
 Let thy *obedience* be the best Reply.

*To God.*

IF I have plaid the *Truant*, or have here  
 Fail'd in my part ; Oh ! Thou that art my *deare*.  
 My *mild*, my *loving Tutor, Lord and God* !  
 Correct my errors gently with Thy Rod.  
 I know, that faults will many here be found,  
 But where sin swells, there let Thy grace abound.

\* See Glossarial Index s. v.

*To God.*

THE work is done ; now let my *Lawrell* be  
 Given by none, but by Thy selfe, to me :  
 That done, with Honour Thou dost me create  
 Thy *Poet*, and Thy *Prophet Lawreat*.

*Good Friday : Rex Tragicus, or Christ going  
 to His Crosse.*

PUT off Thy Robe of *Purple*, then go on  
 To the sad place of execution :  
 Thine houre is come ; and the Tormentor stands  
 Ready, to pierce Thy tender Feet, and Hands.  
 Long before this, the base, the dull, the rude,  
 Th' inconstant, and unpurgèd Multitude  
 Yawne for Thy coming ; some e're this time crie,  
 How He deferres, how loath He is to die !  
 Amongst this scumme, the Souldier, with his speare,  
 And that sowre Fellow, with his *vineger*,  
 His *sponge*, and *stick*, do ask why Thou dost stay ?  
 So do the *Skurfe*<sup>7</sup> and *Bran*<sup>8</sup> too : Go Thy way,

<sup>7</sup> To accuse any of skin disease was a common reproach, and constantly applied to the lower classes as putting them in the same rank with the lowest of the low, with whom these diseases were common. Thus we have 'scab' and 'scroyles' (*Les escronölles, the King's evil*) and as adjectives scald and scurvy. <sup>8</sup> = thin bark.

Thy way, Thou guiltlesse man, and satisfie  
 By Thine approach, each their beholding eye.  
 Not as a thief, shalt Thou ascend the mount,  
 But like a Person of some high account :  
 The *Crosse* shall be Thy *Stage*; and Thou shalt there  
 The spacious field have for Thy *Theater*.  
 Thou art that *Roscius*,<sup>9</sup> and that markt-out man,  
 That must this day act the Tragedian,  
 To wonder and affrightment : Thou art He,  
 Whom all the flux<sup>1</sup> of Nations comes to see ;  
 Not those poor Theeves that act their parts with  
 Thee :  
 Those act without regard, when once a *King*,  
 And *God*, as Thou art, comes to suffering.  
 No, No, this *Scene* from Thee takes life and sense,  
 And soule and spirit, plot and excellence.  
 Why then begin, great King ! ascend Thy Throne,  
 And thence proceed, to act Thy Passion  
 To such an height, to such a period rais'd,  
 As Hell, and Earth, and Heav'n may stand amaz'd.  
 God, and good Angells guide Thee ; and so blesse  
 Thee in Thy severall parts of bitternesse ;

<sup>9</sup> Singular use of the player-name.

<sup>1</sup> = flow or flood.

That those, who see Thee nail'd unto the Tree,  
 May (though they scorn Thee) praise and pitie Thee.  
 And we (Thy Lovers) while we see Thee keep  
 The Lawes of Action, will both sigh, and weep ;  
 And bring our Spices, to embalm Thee dead ;  
 That done, wee'l see Thee sweetly burièd.

*His words to Christ, going to the Crosse.*

WHEN Thou wast taken, Lord, I oft have read,  
 All Thy Disciples Thee forsook, and fled.<sup>2</sup>  
 Let their example not a pattern be  
 For me to flie, but now to follow Thee.

*Another, to his Saviour.*

IF Thou beest taken, God forbid,  
 I flie from Thee, as others did :  
 But if Thou wilt so honour me,  
 As to accept my companie,  
 I'le follow Thee, hap hap what shall,<sup>3</sup>  
 Both to the Judge, and Judgment-Hall :

<sup>2</sup> St. Matthew xxvi. 56.

<sup>3</sup> I delete comma (,) after 'hap'—the first is a verb, the second its substantive=happen what hap shall.

And, if I see Thee posted there,  
 To be all-flayd with whipping-cheere,<sup>4</sup>  
 I'le take my share ; or els, my God,  
 Thy stripes I'le kisse, or burn the *Rod*.

*His Saviours words, going to the Crosse.*

H AVE, have ye no regard, all ye  
 Who passe this way, to pitie me,  
 Who am a man of miserie !<sup>5</sup>

A man both bruis'd, and broke, and one  
 Who suffers not here for mine own,  
 But for my friends *transgression* !

Ah ! *Sions Daughters*, do not feare  
 The *Crosse*, the *Cords*, the *Nailes*, the *Speare*,  
 The *Myrrhe*, the *Gall*, the *Vineger*

For *Christ*, your loving Saviour, hath  
 Drunk up the wine of Gods fierce wrath ;  
 Onely, there's left a little froth,

<sup>4</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

<sup>5</sup> See Memorial-Introduction for parallel in George Herbert.

Lesse for to tast, then for to shew,  
 What bitter cups had been your due,  
 Had He not drank them up for *you*. [than]

*His Anthem, to Christ on the Crosse.*

WHEN I behold Thee, almost slain,  
 With one, and all parts, full of  
 pain :  
 When I Thy gentle Heart do see  
 Pierc't through, and dropping bloud, for  
 me,  
 I'le call, and cry out, Thanks to Thee.

*Vers.* But yet it wounds my soule, to think,  
 That for my sin, Thou, Thou must drink,  
 Even Thou alone, the *bitter cup*  
 Of *furie*, and of *vengeance* up.

*Chor.* Lord, I'le not see Thee to drink all  
 The *Vineger*, the *Myrrhe*, the *Gall* :

*Ver. Chor.* But I will sip a little wine ;  
 Which done, Lord say, *The rest is mine.*

*This Crosse-Tree here  
Doth JESUS beare,  
Who sweet'ned first,  
The Death accurs't.*

HERE all things ready are, make hast, make hast away;  
For long this work wil be, & very short this Day.  
Why then, go on to act: Here's wonders to be done,  
Before the last least sand of Thy ninth houre be run;  
Or e're dark Clouds do dull, or dead the Mid-dayes Sun.

Act when Thou wilt,  
Bloud will be spilt;  
Pure Balm, that shall  
Bring Health to All.  
Why then, Begin  
To powre first in  
Some Drops of Wine,  
In stead of Brine,  
To search the Wound,  
So long unsound:  
And, when that's done,  
Let Oyle, next, run,  
To cure the Sore  
Sinne made before.  
And O! Deare Christ,  
E'en as Thou di'st,  
Look down, and see  
Us weepe for Thee.  
And tho (Love knows)  
Thy dreadfull Woes  
Wee cannot ease;  
Yet doe Thou please,  
Who Mercie art,  
T'accept each Heart,  
That gladly would  
Helpe, if it could.  
Meane while, let mee,  
Beneath this Tree,  
This Honour have,  
To make my grave.

*To his Saviours Sepulcher : his Devotion.*

H AILE holy, and all-honour'd Tomb,  
 By no ill haunted ; here I come,  
 With shoes put off, to tread thy Roome.  
 I'le not prophane, by soile of sin,  
 Thy Doore, as I do enter in :  
 For I have washt both hand and heart,  
 This, that, and ev'ry other part ;  
 So that I dare, with farre lesse feare,  
 Then full affection, enter here. [than  
 Thus, thus I come to kisse Thy Stone  
 With a warm lip, and solemne one :  
 And as I kisse, I'le here and there  
 Dresse Thee with flowrie Diaper.  
 How sweet this place is ! as from hence  
 Flow'd all *Panchaia's*<sup>6</sup> Frankincense ;  
 Or rich *Arabia* did commix,  
 Here, all her rare *Aromaticks*.  
 Let me live ever here, and stir  
 No one step from this *Sepulcher*.  
 Ravisht I am ! and down I lie,  
 Confus'd, in this brave Extasie.

<sup>6</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

Here let me rest ; and let me have  
 This for my *Heaven*, that was Thy *Grave* :  
 And, coveting no higher sphere,  
 I'le my Eternitie spend here.

*His Offering, with the rest, at the Sepulcher.*

TO joyn with them who here confer<sup>7</sup>  
 Gifts to my Saviours Sepulcher ;  
 Devotion bids me hither bring  
 Somewhat for my Thank-Offering.  
 Loe ! thus I bring a Virgin-Flower,  
 To dresse my Maiden-Saviour.

*His coming to the Sepulcher.*

H ENCE they have born my Lord ; behold ! the  
 Stone  
 Is rowl'd away, and my sweet Saviour's gone.  
 Tell me, white<sup>8</sup> Angell, what is now become  
 Of Him we lately seal'd up in this Tombe ?  
 Is He, from hence, gone to the shades beneath,  
 To vanquish Hell, as here he conquer'd Death ?

<sup>7</sup> =bring together or in union.

<sup>8</sup> See Glossarial Index s. v.

If so, I'le thither follow, without feare,  
And live in Hell, if that my *Christ* stayes there.

OF all the good things whatsoe're we do,  
God is the APXH,<sup>9</sup> and the ΤΕΛΟΣ<sup>10</sup> too.

<sup>9</sup> =beginning.

<sup>10</sup> =end.

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GLOSSARIAL INDEX  
AND  
INDEX OF NAMES.



## GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

*As a rule*, the references given will guide to explanations or illustrations of the word or thing in the place or places. A few additions are made in the Index itself s. v. Nouns and verbs and other forms are placed together; also words occasionally different though spelled alike, e. g. **neat**=oxen, and elegant, but in the places the meaning will in each case be found. An earnest effort has been made to include every word in any way noticeable.

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\* Cf. Shirley :—

“ And can thy proud apostate eyes  
 Court her again, with hope t' entice  
 One gentle language, or a smile  
 Upon a renegade so vile.”

(Poems by Dyce, p. 146.)

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† So too later Cleveland (1669 p. 3) :—

“ Hark how the sprightly Chanticlere  
     That Baron Tell clock of the night.”

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‡ "Send me to the conduit with the water-tankard : I'll beat  
 linen bucks, or anything to redeem my negligence." (T. Heywood's 2nd Part of "If you know not me, &c. Act I. i. 1606).  
 See Merry Wives of Windsor iii. 5.

\* Cf Landor in our own day, thus :—

" Negligent as the blossoms of the field,  
 Array'd in candour and simplicity." (Count Julian.)

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† Instead of quotation intended for the Memorial-Introduction, I must content myself with reference to my edition of Southwell. s.v.

‡ here=a good deal, considerable : in I. 118=a goodly number.

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\* “The lyght of the body is the eye. Wherfore yf thyne eye be single, all thy body shal be ful of lyght. But and yf thyne eye be wycked, all thy body shalbe full of darknesse.”—The Great Bible, (Cranmer's, 1541)), Matthew vi., 22-3.

Also the same in Edmund Becke's, printed by Day and Serres, 1540.

† See note in this Glossary under (sagge).

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\* The promised quotations were crushed out. See my Memorial-Introduction to *Giles Fletcher* in this Series.

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\* "As for the Wooll in this County, [Herefordshire,] it is best known to the honour thereof by the name of *Lempster Ore*, being absolutely the finest in this County and indeed in all England."—Fuller's Worthies, p. 33.

Similarly we read of an arm of the Zuyder Zee, as follows:—  
"In many places a very rich alluvion, forming a most valuable manure, is found at the bottom of these shallows; hence the name of Mer d' Or, or golden sea, the inhabitants deriving a golden harvest of hay from its employment on these meadows." ("The Dead Cities of the Zuyder Zee," by Havard, p. 29 : 1875.)

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\* Cf. Shirley :—

“ For him to whom your heart is tied  
 Keep it still virgin, and a bride,  
 That often as you go to bed  
 You give or take a maidenhead.”  
 (Poems by Dyce, p. 434.)

Or as in Rawlinson MS. :—

“ May your husbands’ love renew  
 Every day their marriage vow,  
 And yourselves, as newly wed,  
 Give each night a maidenhead.”

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Neech, i. 157.	Oke, i. 43.
Nerv'lits, i. 28.	One, i. 111.
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\* Hooke in his *Amanda* says—"I will not  
—Wrack my fancie for a kisse ;  
Fool to your laughing *Ladyship*,  
To get a smile, or touch your lip ;  
Protest with oathes high and mighty,  
That your spittle is *aqua vitae*.

Amongst the gallants swear and rant,  
And of your kindnesse boast and vant ;  
Then drink diseases down, and wave  
All thoughts of sicknesse or the graue."

*Amanda*, p. 60.

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\* Erasmus, in his *Apophth.* says of Augustus Cæsar :—

When he perceiued and feled his diyng houre to approche, he enquired of his familiars, beyng let into his chamber to come and see him, whether it seemed to them, that he had any thing hand-somely enough played his parte in passyng his life.

“ Meanyng of the trade and course of his presente life, which many writers doen resemble and compare vnto plaiyng a parte in an Enterlude. And then pronounced he this Greke verse folowing, customable vsed to be soungen at the last end of Comedies, exhibited, and plaied to an ende.

*δότε κρότον καὶ πάντες ἡμῖν μετὰ χαρᾶς κτυπήσατε.*

“ That is,

“ Clappe hands, in signe of contentacion,  
And with good harte, allow this our accion.”

[Reprint Apoph. Erasmus, by Mr. Robert Roberts, Boston.]

† In Jonson's Christmas his Masque as it was presented at Court 1616, among the children is “ Post and Paire. With a paire-Royall of Aces in his Hat; his Garment all done over with Payres and Purrs; his Squier carrying a Box, Cards and Counter.” There is also “ Wassall. Like a neat Sempster or Songster; her Page bearing a browne bowle drest with Ribbands and Rosemarie before her.”

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† The following are apposite examples of this word in Nash's *Pierce Pennilesse* :—"vpstarts that out-face towne and countrey in their veluets when Sir Rowland Russet-coat, their dad, goes *sagging* euerie day in his round gascoynes of white cotton, and hath much adoe (poore pennie-falter) to keep his vnthrift elbowes in reparation" (p. 8). "At length (as Fortune serude) I lighted vpon an old straddling usurer, clad in a damaske cassocke, edged with fox-furre; a pair of trunke slops, *sagging* down like a shoomaker's wallet," &c., (p. 11). (See under fox-furre in this Index.)

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\* " Near House of Law by *Temple-Bar*,  
 Now man of Mace cares not how far,  
 In stockings Blew he marcheth on,  
 With Velvet Cape his Cloack upon ;  
 In Girdle, Scrowles, where names of some,  
 Are written down' whom touch of Thumbe  
 On Shoulder left must safe convoy,  
 Anoying Wights with name of Roy.  
 Poor Pris'ners friend that sees the touch,  
 Cries out, aloud, I thought as much."

Davenant, p. 291.

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\* The pseudo-phenomenon was earlier and later employed by the Royalists to glorify "our most religious King," especially at the "glorious" Restoration.

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\* There was a Tanner whose unsavory exploits have been variously chronicled. He appears to have beaten the Miller of Mansfield, of Percy's Reliques' ballad, in the vigour of his 'cracks,' and to have immortalized himself by letting-fly point-blank in the king's face as he was giving him a leg up on his horse. This and much more will be found in "King Edward II. and the Tanner of Tamworth." Shirley in his "Fairies" remembers "The men of ginger-bread."

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\* The 'star' that appeared on the birthday of our "most religious king," Charles II., shines in all the contemporary verse and on The Restoration ('glorious !') it reappears with shocking fulsomeness.

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\* Simon Cowne and Edward, Richard and Lawrence occur in the Dean Prior register—same as Coone.

† Did Randolph in his “ Complaint against Cupid, that he never made him in love,” intend Herrick in these lines?

“ This on his Cloris spends his thoughts and time ;  
That chaunts Corinna in his amorous rhyme.”

‡ In II. 98 the passing quarrel may be compared with Herrick’s words to the Bp. of Lincoln. He was placable and genial.

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\* Dundridges occur frequently in the Dean Prior register. Marie, the d. of Christopher Dundridge, was buried the 9th of October, 1643, and Christopher, sonne of John Dundridge, the 18th of January, 1643.

† The 'Satires' of Hall and other Poems could not but form a bond of union with Herrick.

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\* No trace remains of the 'painter' Herrick.

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\* Further research has failed to shed light on the 'fair lady's' history. I have an impression that she is elsewhere celebrated.

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\* Robert, Bartholomew and Richard Mudge, are in the Dean Prior Register—a common Devonshire name.

† Doubtless Herrick became acquainted with this Knight through his contributions to "Wit's Recreations," fully noticed in Memorial-Introduction.

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\* Notices of Porter will be found in Mr. Huth's "Inedited Poetical Miscellanies" 1870. Notes, sig. Ff. Randolph's "Paraceticon" to him is finely touched.

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\* The " three brave brothers " celebrated, were—

(1) George Stuart, Lord D'Aubigny, slain at Edgehill 23  
Oct., 1642.

(2) Lord John Stuart, killed at the battle of Alresford in 1644.

(3) Lord Bernard Stuart, who fell at Rowton Heath in  
1655. They were sons of Esme, 3d duke of Lennox.

† Further research has not elicited more on this name. Could it  
be a character-name?

- 
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\* The poem here promised is as follows :—

“ Those oaks that most obdurate are,  
Shall willingly their arms unwind ;  
And by themselves engraven, wear  
My verse upon their Leaves, and Rind :  
And every Tree, whose Top prefers  
To Heaven these sacred Characters,  
No storms shall offer to invade.  
For whilst thus charm'd, the rough Winds may  
Hope with more ease, to snatch away  
Their fastned Roots, or fleeting shade.”

† He was the only surviving son of John Stone, Sergeant at Law, brother of Mrs. Herrick, the poet's mother. He was Se-

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	Valentine, St., i. 52, 53, 96 : ii. 77.
	Vandike, ii. 79.
	Vaughan, Henry, ii. 136.
	Venus, i. 95 : ii. 55, 58 : iii. 52, <i>et passim</i> .
	Villars, Lady Mary, ii. 56.*
	Vineger, iii. 32.
	Virgil, i. 77, 97, 135, 181 : ii. 237, 274 : iii. 49, 79.
	Vulcan, ii. 188.
	W.
	Warr, i. 81 : ii. 166.†

secondary of Wood Street Compter in London. He died 20th September, 1660.

\* This was a Villiers ; and her Letters abound—showing all the family capacity and eke their strange spelling even for the period.

† Randolph has an “Epitaph upon his honoured Friend, Master Warre.” It begins :—

“ Here lies the knowing head, the honest heart,

- Weare, John, ii. 166.  
 Westminster, ii. 57 : iii. 56.  
 Westmoreland, i. 67, 175 :  
     ii. 118, 194.  
 Wheeler, Mrs. Eliz., i. 79 :  
     ii. 3 : iii. 69.  
 Wheeler, Mrs. Penelope, ii.  
     145.\*  
 Wickes (=Weekes) ii. 47,  
     218 : iii. 65.  
 Willan, iii. 27.  
 Willand, Mrs. Mary, ii. 148.
- Williams, (see *Lincoln*)  
 Williams, i. 8.  
 Wilson, i. 67: ii. 293.  
 Wingfield, ii. 181.
- Y.
- Yard, Lettice, ii. 33.†  
 Yorke, Duke of, ii. 5.
- Z.
- Zelot, ii. 217.

Fair blood and courteous hands, and every part  
 Of gentle Warre," &c.

Probably the same with Herrick's friend. Warre and Weare were also (I think) identical.

\* I had hoped to give further details on the Wheelers; but nothing of any value has resulted from somewhat extensive inquiries. The Herricks and Wheelers were related by marriage.

† Barnabas Potter, Herrick's predecessor and appointed Bp. of Carlisle, married Elizabeth Yard, d. of Lady Giles by her first husband, and widow of Edward Yard (mother of the 'witty' Mrs. Lettice Yard), and it is probable therefore that he and his family continued to maintain rare intercourse with the parish. Hence our Poet's celebration of members of the Potter family. (For Potter see ii. 33.)

The Yards at present hold the Giles Estates at Dean Prior. In our own day the name has been splendidly in honour.

F I N I S.









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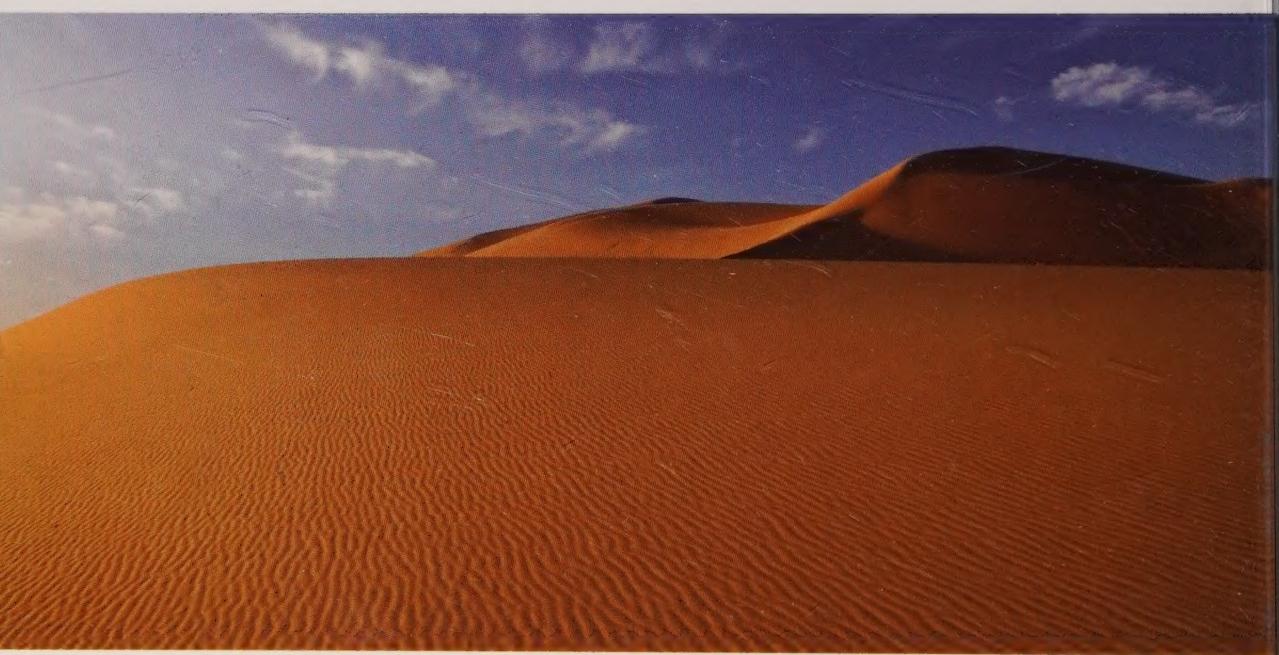


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